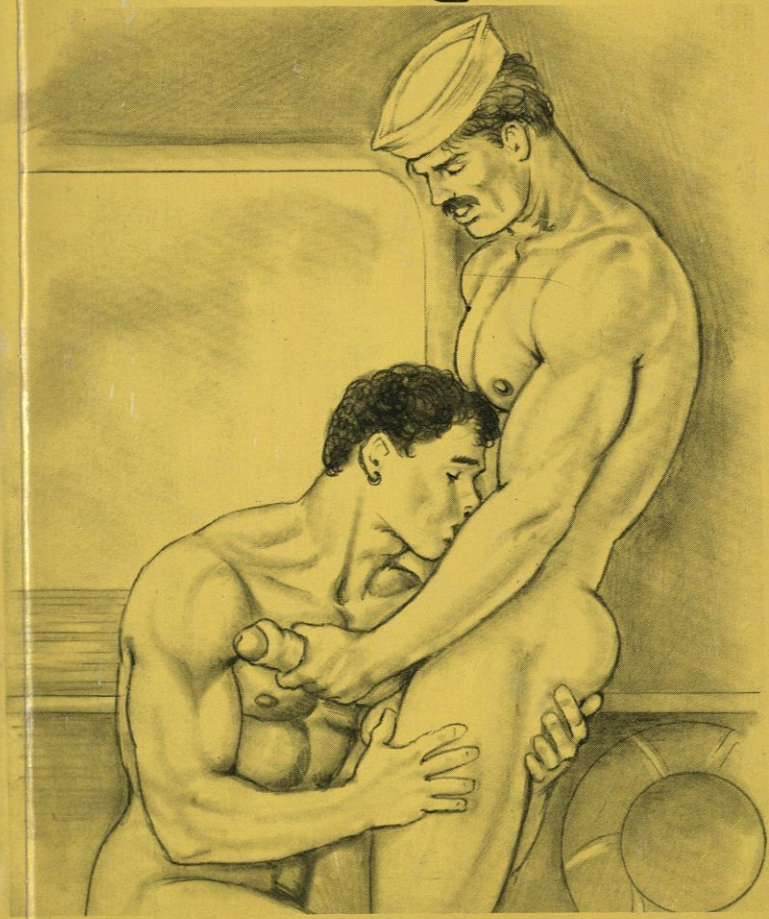
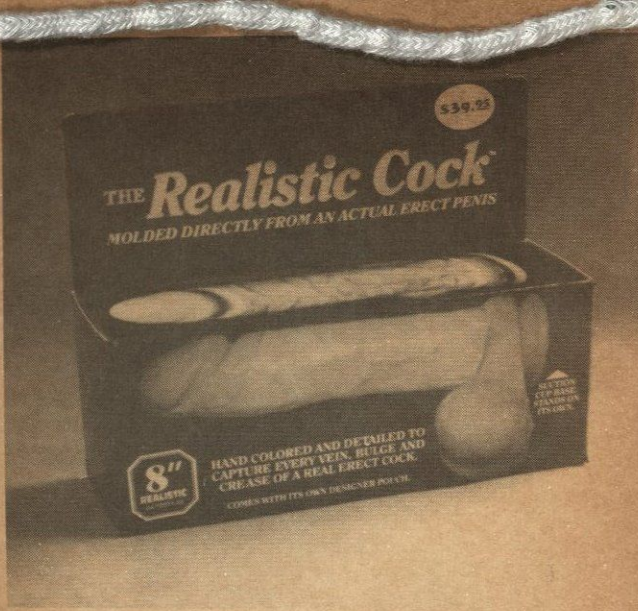
FINLAND BOOKS

$3.95

billy's sex ship



For the Entertainment of Adults Only!


$39.95
THE Realistic Cock
MOLDED DIRECTLY FROM AN ACTUAL ERECT PENIS
8" REALISTIC
HAND COLORED AND DETAILED TO CAPTURE EVERY VEIN, BULGE AND CREASE OF A REAL ERECT COCK.
COMES WITH ITS OWN DESIGNER POUCH

WOW! What a shlong! You'll wonder how anyone could make a penis so life-like. If it were sticking out of someone's pants, you'd expect it to throb, to quiver, to sweat, to smell funky, to dribble. How did they do it? Well, The Realistic Cock was "molded directly from an actual erect penis." Eight inches long—and thick, it is hand-colored and detailed to capture every bulge, vein, crease, and wrinkle. Not only does it look and feel like the real thing, it makes a first-class substitute. A fine item for the bedside table. Admirers of The Realistic Cock, tend to give it a pet name. Like "Big Boy." Or "Stretchy." Or "Hunky." Whatever you call it, it's a steal at only $39.95.

Use order form on last page.

Star Distributors
Box 362, Canal St. Station, NY, NY 10013

Beached Bums

All characters in this book
are fictional.
Any resemblance
to persons living or dead
is purely coincidental.

All rights reserved.
No portion of this book
may be reproduced in any form
without written permission
from the publisher,
except by a magazine or
newspaper reviewer,
who may quote brief passages
as part of his printed review.

Copyright 1990
by Star Distributors,
Box 362, Canal Street Station,
New York, N.Y. 10013

ONE

Blueblood-bonered beachboy Rutledge Charrington walked along the sand with the cuffs of his light tailored white-flannel trousers rolled up just above the foam of the surf.

He yawned at the dawn.

Hand in his pants.

His dick danced.

Eyes glanced sidewise down the curved stretch of the white silver beach.

Saw a young man crouched digging some out of the wash of the retreating surf.

Rutledge flirted his eyes from side to side. early in the day there were few if any of the dudes who cruised or splayed out sunbathing the rude or otherwise.

And on this cup of the cove where the l fronted private property lines, the local stabulary turned a blind eye, regardless of wha ordinances regarding seaside nudity were.

The property owners preferred it that way— though the beach was nominally public.

Rutledge's cock shot up in his haunch a watched the crouching man go about his bus in the sand.

Part of the guy's butt stuck up from the waist of his baggy surfer's jams.

"Clamming?" Rutledge struck up the conv tion from afar.

"Close," came the quick easy reply, accompa by a flash of a grin. "But no cigar."

"What, then?" Rutledge commenced. "Bu treasure? Building sand castles?"

The crouching dude licked his lips. Puckered mouth into the shape of an asshole.

Dragged his tongue out and ran the tip along sweat-coated stubble of his face.

"Collecting cans," he said nonchalantly Rutledge. "Turn them in to the 7-11 store for dep

refunds. Brings in a little dough."

"Oh?" Rutledge said coming in closer so that the shadow of his head bled into the silhouette of the other one's crotch. "On the lam?"

"Some joke," the guy poked a crunched beercan into a net sack. "Just slightly underemployed."

"Looking for a gig?"

"Cigarette will do."

Rutledge took out two sticks from a pouch of unfiltered cigs rolled by hand from Egyptian tobaccos. Lit them up with a platinum lighter embedded with emeralds.

Puffed ringlets of smoke through his nose.

"I like those," the guy said to Rutledge, sucking on the reefered cigarette Rutledge offered him. "Good harsh taste."

"Rather like—" Rutledge spliced from his teeth "—the smoky taste of come."

The other guy's eyes seemed to cloud for an instant before flicking off out onto the incoming roll of creaming surf.

"You mean jizzom?" he said thoughtfully to Rutledge. "Perverse—aren't you?"

"It could be worse."

Rutledge dragged his gaze from the other guy's eyes. Down his naked chest.

Between his legs.

A sharp crease struck up from the back of the guy's pants. A dollop of moisture ran down the guy's

spine. Traipsed down between the asscheeks.

"You know who I am," Rutledge said lithely.

"Sure—you live in one of the places around her I've seen you—"

"Rutledge."

"Yeah. Thought it was something like that." H wiped his hands on the colorful material of his jam "Pleased to meet you. You Rutledge. M DeQuincey—that's who I am."

They shook hands.

"What's your scam, DeQuincey?"

"Hey—I'm no grifter."

"Just an innocent sand-sifter."

"That's it."

"Only not so innocent."

"If that's the way you want to take it."

"I make you to be—now let me guess." Rutled tortured the edges of his lips into a fake grimac "Actor—that right?"

"Say—if the casting directors were as percepti as you, Rutledge—I'd be on my way up the monk vines to Hollywood stardom."

"Instead of working the bar at Brother Ramon Roadhouse Saloon."

"So—you been there too? I thought maybe I h seen you—but didn't realize it was there."

"Just a guess on my part."

"Well—times are hard, I suppose—at lea everyone tells me so. Brother Ramon said I cou

take off—get going. Business is slow this season—that's what he said. He's going to work the bar himself most weeknights—and on weekends he has some longtime dudes he's used for ages. So here I am in the sand." DeQuincey shrugged. "Dandy enough by me."

"So you should take this occasion to better yourself. Make the rounds of auditions—open casting calls at the studios—don't even need an agent for those. While you keep your peepers peeled for another job—in a more accommodating field."

"I could—and also try to hobnob among the bigwigs. Thought maybe I could work freelance with some caterers—feed the crews on film sets. Mingle a little at ritzy beachfront parties."

"You've got a good enough front—if you were properly dressed you would fit in okay."

"But I'm fresh out of mazuma," DeQuincey answered brashly. "Flat-busted. I need to take the first thing I can get."

"I generally employ a houseboy. So do the others around here. But I guess you knew that."

DeQuincey nodded once:

"I'm afraid, Rutledge, I don't have much experience—from that angle."

"You could learn."

"Quickly," DeQuincey put in briskly.

"My own squire happens to be on vacation. And short-term valets are rarities these days." Rutledge

raised his eyebrows. "The position I'm offerin
might mention—is live-in."

"I'm your boy. But I already have a place to sta

"Kincaid's clubhouse?"

"You guessed it."

"That place is full of surfer dudes, beatn
hippies—freaks."

"Only been there a couple of weeks."

"Then you know Kincaid's gigolo."

"Colquohoun? I believe so. He used to work
you or something?"

"Or something."

"I'm beginning to put this together."

"So am I."

Rutledge ran his fingers through DeQuinc
hair. Placed a hand on his thigh.

DeQuincey sighed.

"When do I start?" DeQuincey blurted.

"Now."

"Okay. Fill me in?"

"Get out of those clothes."

"Come again?"

"Strip."

"You have a uniform I'm supposed to get int

"More like a dress code."

"Oh."

"Informality is the watchword."

DeQuincey's peepers flickered to Rutledge's l
The pleats of Rutledge's trousers were stretched. T

of pecker was outlined in high relief.

Balls loomed low underneath.

"I believe, Rutledge, you are trying to get me naked. Is that it?"

Rutledge breathed slowly:

"Take your dick out."

DeQuincey flinched.

Minced between wincing lips:

"Your command, Rutledge, is my wish."

Rutledge twitched his eyes onto DeQuincey's swishing thighs.

DeQuincey reached to the front of his baggies. Unhitched the knot with a quirk of his fingers. Smirked as he jerked his jams open.

The material floated out from around DeQuincey's hinders. Fannycheeks sleek with sweat sheened in the slanted sunlight.

Prick popped out.

Rutledge's eyes lingered upon the revealed slickness of DeQuincey's upcurved erectile lingam. Zinging red at the wedge-shaped tip.

Wad of fluttering sandy sunbleached pleach covering the nuts of DeQuincey's peachlike pud.

DeQuincey said snidely through crudely screwed lips as he jiggled his bared hips:

"Help me with this hard-on—would you?"

Rutledge licked his lips.

Kissed DeQuincey's open mouth.

"Unh."

Teeth clattered together like castanets. Tongues entwined like fuckblind snakes.

"Great, Rutledge" DeQuincey lanced his tongue out. "You're a good kisser."

DeQuincey twisted his body into Rutledge's embrace. They sucked each other's mouth face to face as Rutledge's phalanges raced up and down DeQuincey's ribcage.

Rutledge ran his hands randomly upon DeQuincey's exposed flesh. He took hold of one of the cheeks of DeQuincey's ass and squeaked his hand along the crease. Rutledge's knees shifted.

His baggy surfer's jams drifted to his ankles. Dick dangling at a precarious angle.

Lank fingers lain laxly upon his waist. Elbow cocked akimbo.

One hip bucked higher than the other.

Buttocks twitched.

Balls bounced.

Pricktip pitched out and up.

Barrel of cockmeat pointing at Rutledge's mouth. Prepuce of erect penis seeming to pout—sullenly craving attention—the friction of dentition or the tart taste of the inside of tushie.

DeQuincey shivered as Rutledge twisted DeQuincey's tits. Yanked the nipples out hard in his fists and hawked them into his craw.

"Aaaaawn."

Rutledge nibbled DeQuincey's nippletips. Chat-

tered his choppers underneath DeQuincey's arms. Sucked the rutsweat where it smarmed in the frizz of the armpit.

"Shlu-uuurp!"

Rutledge kissed DeQuincey's navel.

Blew into DeQuincey's bellybutton and wiped the inside—tickling with his tonguetip.

Ripping at DeQuincey's wrenching fanny with clawing paws.

DeQuincey hustled his hiney from side to side as he felt the glide of Rutledge's fingertips up the insides of his thighs.

Rutledge sighed as DeQuincey spread his legs wide. The slide of murmuring mouth along DeQuincey's hips induced DeQuincey to grip the tip of his own prick—hard as a brick and thickening with each pulse of erectile blood.

DeQuincey could barely stand. His toes twitched. Feet slipped sidewise. Kicked his jams off to the side in the damp sand.

"Naked," DeQuincey said. "You wanted me that way, Rutledge? Nudedude for you? Here I am."

The head of DeQuincey's cock flanged into the palm of Rutledge's hand as Rutledge drew his other set of digits through the furrows of DeQuincey's crinkled sack of nougat.

"Suck it."

Rutledge flapped open his trap.

DeQuincey gasped.

Rutledge's yip thunked down onto DeQuincey's cockmeat and zipped along the blood-engorged stretch of pecker.

Stripped a layer of sand from the prick with two rashers of teeth grating from the tip of the pecker-beak down the heavily veined length to the thickness of the dickroot.

"Oooooh."

DeQuincey chewed the air in front of his face as Rutledge ate his gonads.

Taking one ballock into his mouth, Rutledge twisted his head sidewise.

"Eiiinh."

Rutledge chewed each of the two spheres of nougat, softening their hairy casing with his saliva. Dribbling spittle down DeQuincey's legs.

When Rutledge was done tongueing DeQuincey's tightwad, DeQuincey felt Rutledge play underneath the crack of DeQuincey's ass.

"Yes."

DeQuincey's cock juddered as Rutledge ran a finger straight up into the center of DeQuincey's asshole pucker.

"That's fresh."

As simultaneously Rutledge chawed down long lengths of DeQuincey's tasty twanger.

DeQuincey cocked his head around slowly to see if there were anyone else around.

No one.

Nowhere.

Beach barren from end to end as far as DeQuincey could see.

Sun barely risen now—casting pinkness about the oblivion of DeQuincey's raging headscape. Fucksweat boiled up in beads along DeQuincey's forehead.

Rutledge snorted up a shard of rutsweat from the flared head of DeQuincey's cock.

DeQuincey rocked backward on his heels—semen bubbling up in his nutmeat. Heated hardrod hobbled within Rutledge's jaws.

"Eaugh."

Perspiration glazed DeQuincey's naked chest. Wetness sopped his shoulderblades and slimed from his underarms.

Dripdropped to his asscrack and balls.

Rutledge hefted DeQuincey's hard-on in his hand. Ran a thumb over the perineum between the back of DeQuincey's nutsack, along the seam of flesh leading to DeQuincey's raised donut of an anus.

"There?"

"Maybe."

The thumb of one of Rutledge's hands mingled with the tiny finger of the other. Held together in a screwlike flexion, Rutledge twisted his digits up into DeQuincey's bung.

"Unh. Unh. Unh."

Rutledge shoved his fingers in and out of DeQuincey's rump as DeQuincey humped upon Rutledge's face.

Sweat laced Rutledge's jaw as he fed upon DeQuincey's hard-on. Rutledge lapped the backside of DeQuincey's nutsack.

Incised the veined rise of cockhide with noshes upon the underside.

Rutledge snapped his jaws wide and took DeQuincey's penis fully within his maw. Prickmeat tight in his throat, Rutledge suckled gloatingly upon DeQuincey's rigid dick.

Thick mucus leached torpidly from the sides of Rutledge's yearning yip. His mouth burned upon the sizzling length of DeQuincey's flamboyant stinger.

Lips lingered upon the cockhead.

Then raced at full tilt down the stretch of curved erection.

Throating twanger to the hilt.

DeQuincey warbled as the jizz fizzed in his yarbles:

"Pawpaw pawpaw pawpaw pawpaw ahau maumau. Pawpaw ahau maumau."

Rutledge drew his head back.

DeQuincey's cock bandied out of Rutledge's mouth and strutted there staring with one winking eye at Rutledge's agape face.

Rutledge placed both his palms upon either side of DeQuincey's hanging dingalingdong. Took one

more long hard suck upon the whanger.

Banged twanger with jacking motions as he felt himself up and cackled openly:

"Ah na-na. Aha-ni-ni. Na na-na na-na. I want come. I want to eat it."

A jolt of jizzom scurried around DeQuincey's nutsack. Rutledge's jaw went slack as DeQuincey cracked off a cord of come—

Wha-aaack!

Jizzom snapped in midair.

Rutledge stared at the strand of come as it flipped onto the bangs of his headhair. Jizzom seared into his ears.

"Ngh."

DeQuincey pumped out another cobble of come that smacked Rutledge bull's-eye in the center of the face—between his eyes.

The prickjuice rolled down Rutledge's nose and hung—whereupon Rutledge snapped the loop of come up with the tip of his tongue like a lizard going after a big juicy blowfly.

"Aiii!"

The apple in Rutledge's throat wobbled down and up as Rutledge swallowed another glut of DeQuincey's shining scum.

Rutledge nibbled the last flashes of jizzom fresh from DeQuincey's spigot.

"Now I'm going to fuck your face, DeQuincey. Then I'd like to work a bit of cockmeat into your

ass. Think you would like that?"

"Do I get to fuck you too?"

"As part of your other duties."

"You're cute. I know I'm going to love working for you."

"You—uh—like the taste of leather, dear?"

"Never fear. Drenched in piss adds a nice twist—I find."

"You don't mind dressing up a bit?"

"I look dashing in black rubber, lover—if I do say so myself."

"You devil."

"But I don't like those heavy belts—they tend to leave welts."

"Anything else I should know?"

"In general I am partial to playthings."

"I have some accessories at my place."

"Oh? What kinds of things are those?"

"Antiquities."

"Why—I've never!" DeQuincey's eyes grew wide. Gleamed a low gleam like marbles washed forever by the sea. "Sounds nifty."

"I collect and I'm also a dealer. I specialize in erotic implements."

"I can take more than a hint."

"You like Edwardian thumbscrews? Bumscrews from the Spanish Inquisition? Carthaginian cock-rings? Alexandrian asshole charms? Dionysian phalli?"

"What was that last one?"

"Phalli—the sacred lingam—dildos used to fuck yourself and everybody else off. They were often said to be representations of the cocks of gods."

"Sounds hot."

"I do a lot of traveling when I'm in the market—on a buying spree. Want to come along sometime? Your passport is up to date of course."

"Sure."

"We'll see how it goes then."

"You—uh—looking for anything in particular these days?"

"I say—of course I am," Rutledge yammered with hammering choppers. He stopped himself suddenly. Continued smugly:

"A certain type of lingam was used by the ancient Greeks in the rites of Dionysus. Big dick made from a bunch of rods topped with a pinecone."

"I've seen pictures of them—in theater school, I read the play *Bacchae* by Euripides. They called the prickstick a thyrsus."

"You get the general picture, then. The thyrsus in question is a sculptured representation of one—worked in bronze—with a gilt patina still remaining along the sides—worn off completely at the head, of course."

"Been used a lot, huh."

"Good boy."

"Something I maybe missed so far, Rutledge?

About that—thyrsus."

"You are going to obtain it for us."

TWO

Asshole unpuckered shamelessly and eyes moving aimlessly over the morning newspaper, Rutledge Charrington took breakfast on the terrace overlooking the bay.

DeQuincey bent and pecked Rutledge on the neck as DeQuincey whisked the empty plates away and then returned from the pantry carrying another full pitcher of rich dark coffee.

"Got time to boff me, buddy?" Rutledge said.

"My asshole is grumbling—hungry this morning."

DeQuincey was a study in stoicism:

"The auction begins in—I say we should leave before the hour is through. I have to dress you, sir. Then tend to the limousine. We won't have time for much action this ay-em, I'm afraid."

Rutledge displayed displeasure with his crinkling lips as he sipped hot black coffee.

"Better not, then, DeQuincey," Rutledge jawed yawning. "You're right. It saddens me—that last night was our final fuck with the Alexandrian asshole charm and the Carthaginian cockring I'm putting on the auction block today."

Rutledge leaned back in his chair. Displayed the outline of a raging erection pecking pertly through his loosely sashed dressing gown.

"No time to fool around," Rutledge pouted.

DeQuincey lunged at Rutledge.

Fondled his balls covetously through Rutledge's silk dressing robe.

"Oh."

Rutledge rose from his chair as DeQuincey pushed Rutledge face down upon the table—Rutledge's body jackknifed at the waist.

Arse raised and half bare.

Snippets of pubic hair visible as DeQuincey ran his fingers up the inside of the backs of Rutledge's thighs toward the rise of rumpmeat.

Asshole bleated open and shut.

DeQuincey rutted with his thumbs.

"Unh."

DeQuincey pried Rutledge's legs apart—Rutledge's gams dangling over the edge of the tabletop, toes curled under, feet splayed upon the wooden slats of whitewashed terrace deck.

"Tasty nates, Rutledge," DeQuincey japed taking a bite of one asscheek.

Rutledge buckled—cringing crablike as DeQuincey hiked Rutledge's robe higher over his glowing hiney.

The line of crease between the cheeky nates of Rutledge's rump ran straight from his asshole to the end of his spine.

Then the asscrack wriggled left and right as DeQuincey pressed a thumb into the hub of Rutledge's rectum.

DeQuincey pulled from the outside flap pockets of his starched white jacket with shiny buttons an oiled plug with open roundel incised delicately with abstract designs.

"Aaaaah—my Alexandrian asshole charm," Rutledge smarmed in false alarm. "Slip it right in—you can get the edge through the rim."

"No sooner said," DeQuincey bled through his teeth with shallow breathing, "than done."

DeQuincey snapped the open-centered buttplug snugly into Rutledge's bung.

"Unh."

Rutledge smiled thinly as the sequence of neural responses sizzled around his rumphole. Spasms of pleasure shot through his nutcase.

Stinging twinges nipped the tip of Rutledge's erect pecker.

Electricity climbed Rutledge's spine.

His mind blipped.

DeQuincey slipped his jacket open. Pushed his pants down with his hand.

Wrenched his nuts—saw his own cock jut. DeQuincey's stand of pecker ran through his cupped palms as he jacked downward.

From within a pocket, DeQuincey worked forth a shiny metal assemblage. He pressed it on over the dickhead. Held tight about the neck.

"Got the Carthaginian cockring on now, Rutledge. Kind of pinches. If I can get it on over the ridge—" DeQuincey twisted his digits. "—there! Uh oh. Snagged some pudhair."

Rutledge's teeth were bared.

"Put it there," he seethed. "Please, DeQuincey. Fuck me. Ream me silly."

"Cream-filled you will be—shortly."

DeQuincey bucked his buttocks. Struck into the center of Rutledge's lined asshole.

"Eeeeeh."

Rutledge chewed his lips as the nib end of DeQuincey's dick snickered through the Alexandrian asshole charm. The hub of the Carthaginian

cockring DeQuincey wore was in close connection with Rutledge's asshole decoration.

DeQuincey lanced upward, spittle lashing from his yip, sputum scattering from his lower lip.

Froth hit Rutledge's twitching buttocks as DeQuincey fucked in and up.

"Unh. Unh. Unh."

Big dick dug deeper into buttock.

DeQuincey pressed his prickflesh—guiding it into Rutledge's hinders with his fist.

Then DeQuincey dished a jab straight into Rutledge's ass. Rutledge gasped as DeQuincey began rutting faster—pumping brashly.

DeQuincey herky-jerked his erection snazzily, watching the complexion of Rutledge's fanny blush to a pinkish flush.

"Fuck."

Rutledge shoved his pelvis backward and gored himself to the core of his apple-shaped ass upon DeQuincey's zinging skewer.

"Suck."

DeQuincey warped his neck around over Rutledge's shoulders—suckled at Rutledge's nose as he torqued his penis rapidly in and out of Rutledge's hinders.

Rutledge's asshole sucked DeQuincey's dick.

DeQuincey butted Rutledge's buns to a fudgelike consistency. And Rutledge's asshole melted like butter sliced with a hot knife.

"Eiii."

Rutledge sighed as DeQuincey's cockringed stinger began to slide out through Rutledge's lined asshole.

"What are you doing, DeQuincey?"

"Stopping screwing."

"The way you blew off jizzom into me before, DeQuincey. I crave it. Crave your cock. I need it more than ever."

"We have a schedule to keep, dear Rutledge."

"No—don't stop, DeQuincey. You can't. Fuck my ass. Fuck my ass faster. Fuck my ass harder. Fuck me up from my asshole to my neck."

Rutledge stretched his limbs out.

DeQuincey dove back in.

Their torsos were entwined as DeQuincey slimed his fingers along Rutledge's dick. Jacking off Rutledge as DeQuincey quickened the pace of his assfuck.

"Rut."

DeQuincey stripped Rutledge's dressing robe off over Rutledge's head—keeping the dingalingdong going in Rutledge's hiney.

Rutledge then shucked his own vestments, trampling his valet livery with his feet as he screwed his cockring-cased pecker through Rutledge's lined rimmed fundamental aperture.

Rutledge's hard-on bobbed at an angle, his body spread out with the lower portion draped over the

edge of the table.

Both DeQuincey and Rutledge jerked off Rutledge's dong as the beak of DeQuincey's cock took peck after peck at the inside of Rutledge's asshide.

DeQuincey fucked with hastened gait—with bated breath, Rutledge felt himself driven forward as the haft of DeQuincey's dick fairly shrieked in and out of his yammering blowhole.

The blood-glutted cylinder of Rutledge's tingler bounced against the table top.

With a rutfuck thrust all the way up Rutledge's ass, DeQuincey crashed Rutledge's body entirely up onto the table.

Coffee cups and saucers clattered in disarray. The porcelain coffeepot urn churned like a gyro—wobbled on the edge of the table.

Hobbled off and shattered onto the terrace.

DeQuincey yanked his pecker out.

"Neaugh."

Then once again edged the hawgsnout within Rutledge's rectum.

"Wow!"

Rutledge pressed his pelvis forward. Drove his dingalingdong along the table top as DeQuincey fucked him.

"Come!"

Rutledge coiled into a rutsweat-oiled ball as DeQuincey screwed his boner with torquing action from side to side inside of Rutledge's rumproast.

The fuckstering twosome rolled to the deck of the terrace.

Jizzom blared from DeQuincey's dicktip.

"Ai-yi-yiii!"

Come fizzed and dripped from Rutledge's punk as DeQuincey continued his rut.

"Can you keep it up, DeQuincey? Keep it hard inside of me—fuck me some more. I want to come. Can you—come off on me again?"

"Sure thing."

Shining jizzom strung out from the edge of Rutledge's rumphole. Cockring clinked against decorated assrim.

DeQuincey kept his penis sizzling to and fro inside Rutledge's hinders as DeQuincey took hold of Rutledge by the tits and turned Rutledge over to face DeQuincey as DeQuincey fucked Rutledge.

Rutledge's dick stuck straight up into the air—the two of them holding hands and jamming their palms along Rutledge's prick.

"I want to come," Rutledge hummed.

DeQuincey jerked his cock from Rutledge's ass. Slipped up between Rutledge's legs and sat on him. Dickheads touching.

"Ready, Rutledge? Are you ready for this? The next round of jizzom is brewing up. Ready to roll. Ready to blow."

"Oh."

"Something wrong?"

"I thought we might take it a bit slower this time. You know I'm sentimental about these things. Ejaculation brings on feelings of remorse—you know—that we didn't fuck longer and harder."

"Just a minute ago you were screaming how you wanted more cream—now!"

"I guess we better get going. Don't we, DeQuincey? Got some business to tend."

A lizard scampered from the nearby patio up the wooden balustrade leading onto the terrace and stood on hind legs—staring.

Embarrassed—seemingly—the lizard lapped out into the air. Stabbed a mosquito with its sticky tongue. Drew the flickering insect within the lizard's pricklike visage.

The lizard snapped its yip closed gloatingly as it witnessed DeQuincey fucking freely along the outside of Rutledge's torso.

Rubbing hard-on against ribcage.

Bonering into armpits.

"All over me, DeQuincey. I want your juice covering me like hot icing."

DeQuincey's asshole squeaked against Rutledge's belly as DeQuincey sat athwart Rutledge's red-hot hardbod jacking himself off with his prick pointing at Rutledge's mouth.

DeQuincey bucked backward.

The tip of Rutledge's hard-on edged into DeQuincey's punkhole.

Jizzom rolled from the lips of DeQuincey's prepuce. And come flashed from Rutledge's pecker wedged between the cheeks of DeQuincey's ass.

DeQuincey thrashed his legs—jacking chunks of come off into space.

"Eaugh."

Rutledge caught a splat of DeQuincey's jizzom flat against his face.

Then a dribble of prickjuice snicked against Rutledge's nipples.

DeQuincey bent forward—his own bum hung on Rutledge's sputtering stinger.

DeQuincey rubbed the jizzom into Rutledge's breastmeat. Opened his yawp and ate the come from Rutledge's flesh.

"I—want—to—come—again, DeQuincey." Rutledge's asshole was whining for more fuck. His cock was still stiff and slick—stuck up between the cheeks of DeQuincey's butt. "I want you to jizzom too—can we do it? Get to it."

"Maybe if you blow me," DeQuincey said airily. "I can barely stand it like this—cock in my ass—nothing in my mouth—my dick out and doing nothing—no one doing anything to it."

"Want to try a threesome, DeQuincey?"

"Maybe."

"A foursome?"

"Maybe more."

"I adore you, DeQuincey. Blow me. Fuck me. I'll

suck you and fuck you too—perhaps we can pick up some maleflesh at the auction today."

• • • • •

DeQuincey raised the numbered paddle slightly toward the lefthand pocket of his navy blue blazer. The gavel slammed down upon the podium and the auctioneer leered out into the gallery auditorium where assembled denizens sat or stood—woodenly or animatedly—scratching, twitching, or appearing fully relaxed, at ease.

"Sold," the auctioneer said with a nod toward DeQuincey. "Bring on the next lot."

DeQuincey had just bought a cache of bronze, brass, and copper nippleclips dating from the eighteenth dynasty of ancient Egypt.

He did not look toward Rutledge, who was slouched diffidently sucking a smoldering cigarette in the arched doorway at the rear of the auditorium.

Rutledge cast his peepers over the audience. There were a lot of fellows present whom Rutledge knew—some he did not.

Some of the bidders—like DeQuincey—were doubtless acting as proxies for dealers, collectors, investors.

Some of those debonair lads were blind proxies—they did not know the identity of the party for whom they were bidding; they worked, customarily,

from memorized sets of instructions.

But Rutledge had found that procedure to be too risky—in that it was inherently conservative. Rutledge preferred the opportunity for improvisation, which his presence occasioned.

So long as the connection between DeQuincey and Rutledge was unknown to the boys in the trade—Rutledge could observe staidly and monitor the escalation of the bids.

If necessary, Rutledge could intervene and raise the bidding if he so deemed—and the Thracian Dionysian thyrsus cockpiece might well justify such action, depending how the bidding went.

In any event, it would not matter so much that DeQuincey's cover might be blown—afterward—at a reception, a party—whatever.

So long as DeQuincey served Rutledge's primary purpose here and now.

Rutledge could always use another.

As he had used the beach-bum dude Colquohoun, whom Rutledge had spotted in the center of the room—now clad in coat and tie.

Colquohoun had proxied for Rutledge from time to time—but the time had eventually come when Colquohoun fooled no one.

It was known that Colquohoun was Rutledge's man—Colquohoun was therefore certain to be a decoy for another party or parties—who may or may not even be in attendance at the showroom.

The proxies served to shade the identities of those interested parties who did not find it advantageous that the depth of their interest be known.

If, for example, a respected dealer bid openly for a certain piece, the history and provenance of which was perhaps dubious—word was immediately out that the particular piece held importance in the mind of at least one expert.

Bidding, then, would be likely to move higher, as, for instance, financially well-endowed private collectors entered the fray with confidence.

Otherwise—if the dealer acquired such a prize via disguised proxy bidding for a relatively modest outlay of money—the dealer could then, perhaps after restoration and exhibition, sell that same piece to the collectors at a significantly higher price than the dealer had originally paid at auction.

Rutledge looked at DeQuincey's seated figure. Rutledge was hot.

In the cock.

He could not wait for the auction to be over. To take off for home with his booty.

And to get his rocks off on DeQuincey.

In his seat, DeQuincey wriggled his hiney from side to side as he caught a trace of snideness in the eyes of the guy sitting next to him.

DeQuincey grinned as he caught sight of his neighbor's leather-gloved hands. The guy half-winked at DeQuincey and entwined his leatherclad

phalanges insinuatingly.

The auctioneer grinned as the next lot was slid onto the block.

Reading from the catalog copy, the auctioneer blared:

"At the inception of the Third Punic War—between Carthage and Rome—it was known that Rome held by far the upper hand. The Carthaginian military commanders urged their government to secure an alliance with Egypt—which was then ruled by a Hellenistic dynasty descended from Ptolemy, one of Alexander the Great's leading generals."

"Sounds neat," DeQuincey said, wiggling his fanny in his seat.

The man next to DeQuincey looked over and saw the stand of erection lancing up from the crotch of DeQuincey's pants.

"The fate of the Carthaginian state," the auctioneer continued, "as well as the course of Mediterranean and world history would be affected irrevocably by the outcome of this conflict."

DeQuincey felt something flicker at the head of his prick. He slanted his eyes downward and saw a set of fingers grazing his thighs.

He quirked his head up.

Met a pair of deep flat eyes.

Realized the eyes were his own, reflected in the smoke-mirrored lenses of the wraparound shades

worn by the man seated next to him.

"Roman dominion," the auctioneer went on, "would mean not only that the immediate fate of Carthage but ultimately—in future generations—of Egypt as well was sealed. The deal was that the rulers of Carthage and of Egypt would exchange coded presents to cement their joint endeavor."

DeQuincey took his dick out.

Gloved leather fingers flopped down onto DeQuincey's lap.

Jacked his dong off.

As the auctioneer brought his background description to a close:

"Along the Cyrene coast of northern Africa, Roman raiders evidently intercepted the armed trading vessels that carried the attache through which the Carthaginians would transfer their diplomatic message. It was rumored that the exchange had already been accomplished. But formal word of the successful completion of the negotiations never reached Carthage. Never reached Egypt. The Roman forces were set to sweep toward Carthage, and by that point Egypt was diverted by Roman-supported hostilities in Nubia, Abyssinia, Sheba."

"Watch this," DeQuincey coughed in a wet whisper as the man next to him frisked his cock.

The auctioneer flailed his fingers toward two trinkets displayed upon small velvet pillows.

Bellowed:

"The Alexandrian Egyptian anal sheath on the left and the Carthaginian circlet penile collar offered today are thought by some scholars to be the diplomatic presents of which we spoke. At any rate, the pieces represent individually the state of the ancient erotic arts during Ptolemaic times and perhaps indicate the size of the Carthaginian genital appendage. What is the opening bid?"

A voice—Colquohoun's—chirped out a sum in the mid-six-figure range.

At the back of the room, Rutledge appeared strange. Colquohoun had highballed the opening bid, intending to scare off competitors.

Whoever Colquohoun was representing—someone wanted the merchandise dearly.

The tactic worked.

The gavel jerked down upon the pallet and Colquohoun's submitted bid had stood. Rutledge silently congratulated himself.

"The next lot on the block today," the auctioneer said giddily, "is an example of the metalworker's art of postclassical Greece. It is thought the bronze thyrsus in the shape of an erect penis was cast in Macedonia or Thrace, perhaps on the occasion of the Dionysian coming-of-age ceremony for a prince—such as the initiation of Alexander the Great—where it is recorded that the young lad sucked dick in public and took pecker in his ass—"

the auctioneer gasped.

Bugged his eyes out and glanced stealthily through the audience.

Wiped sweat from his forehead.

Said: "Excuse me—I believe there was a typo in my copy of the description here. The object in question is indeed a thyrsus. As you can see, the body or trunk of the figure is in the form of a bundle of rods—or fasces. And the head is sculptured in the form of a pinecone."

DeQuincey groaned.

The leathered hand honed DeQuincey's hard-on. Several nearby heads bent sidewise and sets of eyes flickered toward DeQuincey's pants and then flitted away—fast.

DeQuincey realized that the bids were already coming in from the audience for the thyrsus Rutledge had ordered him to go for next.

"I can't move," DeQuincey whispered. "I can't breathe. Unless I come off—now."

"What do you aim to do?" the voice of the leather-handed one said to DeQuincey.

"I—uh—blow me!"

"I see."

"Pretty please."

DeQuincey lifted his knees.

Pricktip wobbled.

Leatherclad hand jacked and pawed.

Head dropped down.

Hawked cock.

Gobbled gonads.

Warbled:

"Ululululu."

DeQuincey cringed as thin lips pipped along his pecker. He arched his neck back.

Juddered his hips as slime slipped up from within his testicles.

Through his spermatic vesicles.

DeQuincey twitched the sphincter muscle of his dingalingdong and a snarl of semen ejected from his penis.

"Ah-huhn-yah!"

Leatherhand man's jaws dripped with cockcome.

Jizzom stuttered from the eye of pecker—bit at the neck by lisping lips:

"Got what you want, kid?"

"I thought I did," DeQuincey gagged. "Now I want it—need it—in the ass."

"Not so fast," the leatherhanded man said. "At least not in this joint."

Prick-ointment poured from the side of the man's maw as he clenched his jaw.

DeQuincey snapped a signal toward the podium, where the auctioneer glared back at him odiously. Continued without acknowledging DeQuincey.

"Shit," DeQuincey said. "Looks like I've ruined it. All because I got a little head."

Rutledge noted that DeQuincey had apparently

become a marked man—or unmarked, insofar as the auctioneer was concerned. Colquohoun dropped a hand from his ear to his breastpocket hankie. The auctioneer tipped his nostrils in recognition.

"Brothersucking fatherfucking fairy," Rutledge seethed nearly silently. "Gawddamn cock-weaned asshole-reaming twinkie. Never should have trusted a beach bum like that one."

Rutledge could not believe it—even Colquohoun had done better than DeQuincey.

And Colquohoun had never burned Rutledge like this DeQuincey tramp had.

No—Rutledge was not mad.

He knew enough not to expect too much from a badlad like DeQuincey anyway—anyone who considered himself an actor, like the whelp DeQuincey—was already well on the road to assholishness at the very least—larceny at best.

This turn of events merely proved the correctness of Rutledge's initial assessment—and underscored the advantages of his approach to business.

Rutledge simply changed his tactics.

"And this lot is going," the auctioneer said clearly. "Going—final call."

Rutledge himself indicated a bid.

Then saw Colquohoun nod his head.

The auctioneer took over from then on, pacing the bidding evenly—at this point alternating

between Colquohoun and Rutledge.

The price was queasily close to the upper limit Rutledge had mentally set—higher even than the amount DeQuincey had been authorized to rise to.

One last chance—and it looked as though Colquohoun had it.

Rutledge hesitated—indecision made his decision for him—as a youthful man with leather-gloved hand and smoke-mirrored sunglasses—a stand-in for someone—sitting next to DeQuincey, Rutledge could now see—entered a final bid.

Rutledge snapped his lips shut.

Saw Colquohoun shift not a muscle.

Had Rutledge missed something?

The two of them—Colquohoun and the leather-gloved one—were probably in on it together.

A teardrop sped from the corner of Rutledge's eyesocket.

No Dionysian dildo for him.

It was all over.

The gambit blown.

Or was it?

THREE

"**Brothersucking** fatherfucking faggot!" Rutledge chewed a thin cigar. "You know, DeQuincey. I have noticed that when your precious passions are unleashed, you have little if any decency."

"I thought that was why you loved me."

DeQuincey smiled smugly as Rutledge hugged DeQuincey's shoulders, while DeQuincey squirmed his hiney across Rutledge's lap.

The breeze from the sea sliced against their knees.

Cooling eddies of wind wound about their shins. Coddled their hanging nutmeats.

Snuggled their buns.

"Half and half," Rutledge mused.

"Oh—a love-hate relationship," DeQuincey chittered. "I adore it!"

"Not quite," Rutledge yakked as though a master of submlime repartee. "Half fly. Half maggot."

"That wasn't nice," DeQuincey diced icily from rudely chewing lips. "You don't mean that—that I'm like an insect—a larva."

"Only figuratively, dear one. You eat raw meat. Suck shit."

"Such wit," DeQuincey snitted.

"Hustle your butt."

"What?"

"Look down on the beach, DeQuincey. I see two boys. In glorious tan. Bring the telescope out onto the deck—and a set of binoculars too."

"Camera? Lenses?"

"Yes, DeQuincey. You might not be the right bumcakes to proxy for me at auctions—but you're imaginative enough in your other capacities."

DeQuincey waggled his ass sassily.

Shortly DeQuincey had the telescope arranged—as well as having set out a tray of snicksnacks and beverages. He set the camera upon its tripod.

Saw Rutledge's eyes glisten.

Saw Rutledge was hard.

.....

"Listen, Mattock. You sure this beach is safe?"

"Safe from sharks? Jellyfish?"

"You frigging swish. Gimme kiss. Mmmmm, goooood. I mean—is it safe to get undressed?"

"Hell, yes."

"It's okay—to take my clothes off—I guess."

"No one else around, Yancey. See anyone? Get down! And anyway—this part of the beach is informally—how do you say?"

"You're allowed to sunbathe naked?"

"With a dick in your mouth and a cock in your arse, if need be," Mattock teased.

"Fruitcake brute you are, Mattock."

"You're blushing. Let's see your tushie."

Yancey stuck his tongue out. Hung it out over his lower rasher of teeth.

"Bugger me gently, Mattock. Let's see you take your cock out first."

"You thirsty?"

"Some."

"For come?"

"Piss-sss-sssss," Yancey hissed giddily.

"If you diddle me—maybe."

Yancey glanced around uneasily.

He spoke diffidently, lazily—without apparent aim or meaning: "Sure is hot out," with no feeling

at all. "Lots of sun."

"Yeah. Clear skies and all that." Mattock flickered his eyes. "All the better to burn our buns to a finely tanned turn."

"I want to get rid of these marks, Mattock—see where the skin gets lighter—in color—at the tops of the buns—it's unsightly—at the gym—when I'm in the sauna—or showering—to have my ass and groin all light and the rest of my body dark."

Mattock yawned:

"Tut tut. Must be embarrassing."

"I like to bare my ass—just for grins. Especially if you're watching."

"Then you've no objection to stripping down for an audience?"

"Why?"

"I think we have one."

"Balls," Yancey said flirtatiously. "You mean that hung one?"

"Up on the sundeck behind the sand dune," Mattock mouthed. "See him? On the porch or terrace or whatever the fuck. Paid a lot of moolah—you can bet—for that kind of fake-antique-look faded wooden house. Got ripped off by a gaggle of fag architects and flit designers. Really reamed."

"Just some guy with a hard-on," Yancey sighed derisively. "Watching us through a telescope is all. Hope he gets off."

"Take a gander at the asscrack of that other one—

next to him—the queer with the bleached hair—with the binoculars."

"They're drinking."

"Know what they're thinking?"

"I can guess."

"And photographing."

"Then—what do you say, baby?"

"Lights—camera—"

"Friction!"

Mattock tossed out a quick tart grin.

Draped his tongue down to his chin.

Opened his pants.

Slanted his hand in.

Cocktip jumped out and up.

Yancey turned tail on Mattock.

Bared his butt.

"You slut," Mattock said charmlessly. "Ready or not—here I come."

Yancey began to run.

With his ass half out of his swimming trunks and Mattock's cock sticking out thick from the front of his pants, the two of them danced down the beach.

They fell giggling into the gently creaming surf.

Kissed each other's face.

Sucked each other's neck.

Embraced above the waist.

Writhed from their wet clothing.

"Suck me."

Yancey picked up Mattock's prick gingerly

between two fingers.

He stuck the saltwater-drenched tip decisively between his lips.

Sucked dick.

"That's it, Yancey. Get a good grip on it around the head—with your teeth. Suck it hard till the tide rolls in."

"That's when the jizzom rolls?"

"Maybe so."

"It's boiling now."

Yancey bobbed his head up and down upon the head of Mattock's cock.

Mattock kicked his legs wide as Yancey shot two fingers down behind Yancey's ballocks and up in between Mattock's asscheeks.

"Mfgh."

Yancey ate hawgmeat greedily.

Spittle dribbled from Yancey's lips over his bristled chin as Mattock shoved his cock in and out of Yancey's mouth.

Yancey squeaked his fingers at Mattock's hinders.

Two taut phalanges randied the crinkled seam of Mattock's posterior commissure.

Yancey dabbled about the wrinkled round of Mattock's blowhole.

Poked into the anus with a thumbnail.

"Unh."

Impaled Mattock's buttocks upon his cocklike thumb as he hummed upon Mattock's twanger with

dangerous oral dexterity.

Mattock convulsed giddily.

"Ahau ni-ni!"

Dick pranced within Yancey's throat as with bellowing bloated facecheeks Yancey sucked down heaps of Mattock's ejaculate.

"Urlgh."

Cockcome caulked up into Yancey's nose and hung in stirrups from the inside of his nostrils.

Yancey took more pulls from Mattock's pecker as with craned neck he chugged the sputtering hawgshead into his gullet.

Pellets of jizzom hung down the blades of Yancey's jaws.

He pawed gnarled knobs of come from the outside of his neck and squished it in his fist before transferring the jizz to his tonsils with whiplike flicks of his tonguetip upon come-caked fingers.

The saline surf washed the jizz away in a rhythmic fizzing froth.

"I missed that one, Mattock," Yancey said, rolling his tongue. "You have to come off again."

"Just sucker it up before the sea gets it, chum. Ream my bum."

Yancey quirked his thumb out of Mattock's asshole. Mattock readily flipped his lower limbs wide apart—jacked himself to resumed hardness as Yancey snorted assoils straight from his rectum, occasionally breathing upon gonads.

The sack of nuts flapped about Yancey's chin as he sucked one nugget in.

Yancey nibbled gently upon Mattock's nougat. Cracking one nut at a time between his teeth. He crunched them in his molars.

Incised ballocks with his canines.

Mattock writhed sublimely.

"Fuck me, Yancey. Fuck my ass. Fuck me with your fingers. Fuck me with your fist."

"Maybe," Yancey cackled. "Just maybe, Mattock—I'll get around to it. After you piss. Remember—I'm a thirsty dude."

"And a crude one too."

Wet pleachy thatch of pudhairs swarmed about Yancey's mouth. Hairs stuck between Yancey's chomping teeth.

Yancey breathed deeply.

The mixture of saltwater, rutsweat, jizzomjuice, and anal mucus sluiced through his sinuses.

He snorted his nostrils lewdly about Mattock's blowhole.

Rolled his tongue in.

"Eeeeeeeh-neaugh."

Torqued inside the asshide and sucked.

Pulled the asshole inside out.

Bit upon the assrim—unshaven bristles of Yancey's chin filed the inner flaps of Mattock's nates. Sanding asterisk with his stubble.

"Urgleurgleurgle," Mattock's asshole bubbled

fartishly as a crest of seafoam loamed round and about his midsection.

Crown of pecker—erect—popped above the low ridge of surf.

Mattock burped out jets of gases from his spasming ass.

Splash of seafoam, saliva and—yes—piss—twisted into the air in front of Yancey's face. His mouth raced toward Mattock's meat. He took pissing twanger in the teeth.

"Yum."

Sparkling urine snazzed across the bridge of Yancey's nose.

Jags of pizzle drizzled over Yancey's head from his forehead to his wordlessly moving chin. He bit in. Suckered piss.

Yancey reamed through Mattock's blowhole with his two twisted fingers.

"More."

Yancey snagged two more fidgeting digits into Mattock's ampersand. Most of Yancey's hand was now buried in Mattock's ass.

"And more."

Yancey snapped his thumb in.

"That's it."

Yancey clenched a loose fist and frigged with his forearm.

Mattock's anus stretched out to near transparency. Mattock twinged his knees and began to

move his hips in disrhythmic palpitation.

Yancey's fist fucked in.

"Uuuuunh."

Mattock's asshole urped on over Yancey's fist past the wrist.

"Neurgh!"

Yancey punched rump—twisting upward in a corkscrew action.

"Ahajah!"

Mattock felt the fuck traction of fist in his fanny. His senses were stripped naked and baked in the pure flames of his mindless response to the flesh.

He gibbered his yip.

Slavered ravenously—tongue lashing the splashing water.

Snot globbing from his ocean-drenched nostrils, which dilated frantically.

Cock jabbering out from Mattock's groin as he gyrated his pelvis to the fist inside his fanny. Yancey yammering stammering his lithely contorted lips and lolling tongue upon Mattock's stinger.

Water billowing in light froth about the bodybroth of the two swooning dudes.

Fistfucking.

Rutting with hard-ons against the insides of mouths.

Rumps humping in and out.

Twisting and turning and wetness and refracted sunlight piled upon torquing wet tanned flesh.

"Yes!"

Mattock came off faster this time—a few bits of slimy grime syruped from the snout of his hawgmeat. Yancey bleated upon Mattock's pecker.

"That wasn't much jizzom at all."

"Stop yammering, crybaby. I came off for you twice in less than—I don't even fucking know. I hope the camera got some of the action."

"I forgot all about them." Yancey flirted his eyes toward the house perched up behind the row of sand dunes.

"Don't look, squirt."

"Why? You think they'd be embarrassed if they knew that we knew that they were watching us suck? Taking pictures of it?"

"Wait until after we fuck."

"Then we give the nod?"

"Maybe give them your sun-bronzed hardboy dudebod."

"You're the one wants to get screwed, Mattock."

"Do not."

Yancey placed an open palm upon Mattock's fuckflesh ass.

Mattock flared his nostrils brashly.

The surf flushed Mattock's ass with water and sand. Yancey ran his hands up underneath Mattock's thighs.

Took the rising dick once more into his yip. Kissed it.

Suckered it.

Palmed apart Mattock's heart-shaped hinders.

Crouched underneath him.

"Get it in."

Yancey let Mattock's butt to touch home—asshole to cockhead—then dropped Mattock's ass onto his prick like an ingot of hot lead.

"Oooooh."

Mattock's asshole actively screwed itself onto the knob of Yancey's hard-on.

Anus chewed the nib of fuckflesh embedded in its center. Punk nibbled gibberingly upon rutfuck-thrusting peckerbeak.

"Aaaaah."

Yancey's prick squealed in and out of the raised rim of Mattock's asshole pucker. Mattock buckled his body forward as Yancey gored his ass.

Yancey moved his mouth spastically over Mattock's throat and shoulders. Held Mattock's bum-cakes in quaking palms.

Mattock pressed his dick up against Yancey's belly as Yancey fucked Mattock's ass to jelly.

The two bodies slapped together, making smacking sounds, as Mattock ground his asshole up and down Yancey's cock.

Mattock's nuts were crushed between them as Yancey reamed Mattock's whining ass with bings of his whinnying stinger.

"Come—Yancey!"

"Romance me."

Mattock flared his nostrils snidely. Wriggled his fannymeat heatedly upon Yancey's prick with shifts right and left.

The heft of Mattock's hiney pulled the jizzom—as if magnetically—from the swirling magma of the volcanic core of Yancey's hot rocks.

Jizzom blew like molten lava up through the center of Yancey's cock.

"Aiiiiinh!"

Prickjuice jumped from the eyepiece of the prepuce of Yancey's penile carapace. Dick shuddered from Mattock's asshole.

Scum squirted from the beak.

"Eiiiiinh!"

Come slathered Mattock between the eyes.

"In me, Yancey. Come inside me."

Yancey bent quickly.

Pried apart Mattock's arse.

Tried to reinsert his burting stinger into the jabbering pucker of Mattock's hinders. Yancey aimed for the center of Mattock's spread keister.

Twanged home.

Impaled Mattock's blowhole through to the innards.

"Eiii. Aiii. Yi-yiii-yiiiii!"

Mattock's prick blew one shard of jizz sky high as Yancey choked off the last of his load of come inside Mattock's asshide.

"Running out of jizzom, Mattock," Yancey said blandly. "Maybe this boy's too hot for you. Better cool down some, hon."

"No way, Yancey. I'm still fucking."

"Stick it in me now?"

"First it's your turn to piss me down."

* * * * *

"A bit of roguery in the rumphole," Rutledge rambled nonchalantly. "Thumping twanger in the punk. Hope they go to it again. Say, DeQuincey, my good man. Shall we join them?"

Rutledge took his eye away from the telescope sight. Looked around him.

The terrace was empty except for the tray of partially consumed refreshments and the ornaments of telescope, camera, binoculars.

"DeQuincey, dear lad. Where have you gone?"

Rutledge stroked his hard-on quizzically. Shrugged his shoulders.

Stood up.

Walked down to the beach naked.

FOUR

Blade runner cocksucker Shiv Buzzcock unlocked his mouth from around the long limber stinger of the nude dude standing beside his desk.

Another sweat-sweetened head of maleflesh noshed between Buzzcock's legs.

Jets of jizzom sped into spread lips.

Sparkling strands of come hung like lengths of melted pearlessence from the ends of tongues.

"Time to take dictation," Buzzcock said, patting their bums. "I'll title this tale something like: Two thumbs up."

Buzzcock twiddled his thumbs at the guys's assholes.

A bell buzzed.

"Shit," Buzzcock said. "Just as I was getting into it. This would have been one hell of a story. Maybe. I mean—it isn't every private dick on the West Coast who gets to boast about his prowess in the guise of hardguy fiction—is it? Transcribe this tape and send it to my agent."

The two nude operatives split through a door on the opposite side of the cabin from which a man in a tan silk suit approached Buzzcock's waterfront office from the marina dock.

The man sashayed through the low gate to the slip. Filched a crinkled card from an inside pocket. Looked around—eyes hard and dense.

The houseboat jiggled a little as the metal plank with tube handrails eased and gave in response to the visitor's weight.

"I see I have a date," Buzzcock said, pretending to squint his eyes at the opened pages of an appointment calendar with no written annotations. "A blank space. Great. Just in time," Buzzcock chimed as the man came through the portholed door. "I think I might be able to squeeze you in."

"I didn't bother to call. This your card? Cute logo

design—if you get off on guns."

"A referral," Buzzcock said proudly. "My, my. Some crowd you must run with."

"I got your name and everything from the gallery. Where you worked security during the auction earlier today. Excuse me. I'm Rutledge—"

"Charrington. Sure. Rutledge Charrington—pleased to meet you—how do you do?—who around here doesn't know who you are? What can I do for you? Don't worry—I work for free. You don't pay me at all. Until you agree to employ my firm. Have a seat."

"I prefer to stand. This will only be a minute. It's you I'm primarily interested in."

"Mainly professionally?"

"Your taste in leather gloves. Smoke-tinted sunglasses. You often wear makeup?"

"I thought I was supposed to be the shamus here. Awfully personal—huh."

Rutledge half-leaned half-sat on the edge of Buzzcock's cracked desktop.

He loosened the cravat around his neck. Flipped the top button of his shirt open.

His eyes dropped.

Prick hopped slightly in tandem with the inadvertent flexion of Rutledge's anal sphincter. The dick began to uncoil as simmering blood infused the loose genital assemblage.

Buzzcock flicked his eyelids at Rutledge's hidden

cock-and-balls rig.

Observed it get bigger.

Erection detected.

Rutledge pulled a handrolled cigarette out and lit it. Nodded with raised eyebrows toward Buzzcock, who wiggled his head no.

As Buzzcock filled a small pipe with a spice-scented resinous wad, fired it up, and drew a deep breath, Rutledge spoke through slow-moving layers of smoke:

"You weren't working security this morning, Buzzcock. Not strictly. You sucked my valet's dick during the bidding for a certain lot that was on the block. The bidding got a little out of hand."

"And you want to know who I was really working for. So I was actually presiding over my corps of a score or more highly efficient plainclothesmen. That much you know. I did have a separate personal assignment to deliver a certain bid at a certain time for a certain party whose identity I will not reveal for any sum. That's how the first part of this story goes—reet? Then you offer me something."

"How much?"

"Uh uh. I made that up. I wasn't working for no one cept Mister Foulkes—head of permanent house security. A consultant, I am, you see."

"Then how about if I hire you to find out who purchased the Dionysian thyrsus?"

"That ain't exactly no Maltese falcon—is it?

Sorry to crack wise—but I feel I got to entertain the wiseguys who went to all the trouble and expense to bug this office. Care to go someplace private for a drink and talk this over?"

Rutledge hiked his eyelids high and then dropped them. He shifted his peepers from side to side as though looking for an opening in the blank wall of a maze and getting nowhere.

Carelessly, Rutledge unbuttoned the front of his shirt. Stuck a hand in toward his armpit and appeared to scratch.

He brought forth an envelope—a bit moist, folded into a square wad.

Their stares met.

"How are you at finding missing persons, Buzzcock?"

"Depends. They carrying a—this thyrsus with them?"

"Not that I know of."

Rutledge laid the envelope down upon the surface of Buzzcock's desk. He unfolded it and flattened it against the ash-strewn surface with several gingerly lingering fingers.

Buzzcock's eyes darted into the opened top of Rutledge's hand-stitched shirt. Saw two tart taut nipples affixed to Rutledge's firm chest.

"It's my turn to set you up with a question, Rutledge. Have I seen the missing party?"

"You blew him."

"Oh ho. Now I know who was your man at the auction! See? I told you I was a sleuth. Now I have to bill you."

"I should charge you for sucking off DeQuincey. Most everyone in the place was aware of what was going on—how his pants were open and down to his knees. I might have guessed there was more to it than that. I wasn't aware cocksucking was part and parcel to your services." Rutledge sighed guilelessly. "Awfully public for a private eye."

"They couldn't see my face. I was undercover."

"You know, Mister Buzzcock. I don't like you—nor your precious ilk. In any civilized society, men like you would be flayed alive and oiled and burned—broadcast on nationwide television as a public service and divertissement."

"That says a lot."

"I'm sure you take that as a compliment."

"Surely you jest."

"Don't try to impress me with your phony erudition, Buzzcock. I need a toughguy—but I'll settle for a cheapshit loser like you who thinks he acts like one."

"You mean—as a sacrifice. To draw their fire—so to speak. The real important secret mission is off someplace else. That's pretty romantic of you, dear."

"Strictly business, Buzzcock, I'm afraid."

"I take it there is some sort of condition I'm missing." Buzzcock's ears twitched. "I mean—you

never mentioned cash exactly."

Rutledge shifted his fingers along the top of Buzzcock's desk. Buzzcock's eyes shifted with them, toward the moist wrinkled envelope.

"Please peruse the contents of this envelope I'm leaving you. That's your retainer. I expect detailed invoices regarding your expenses. If you are successful on your quest, you get the rest—the precise financial figures are on the paper of agreement folded around the bills."

"What do I do for all this largesse?"

"Find it. Find them. Bring me both."

"The dildo and the dude."

"Crudely put—but apt."

Buzzcock reached down into the refrigerated deep drawer in the bottom of his desk. He drew out a chilled bottle of clear viscous fluid. Tamped it open and tilted out a tot—straight—into a small colorless tumbler.

"Drink on it, Rutledge?"

"I think not."

"Tequila—iced up like akavit or vodka. Both of which we have on hand if you'd prefer."

"I'm afraid I must demurr. I have to make another appointment."

"It's getting on near dinnertime—maybe not for you chic guys—it's still way before midnight. Your buddies can wait a bit while we iron out a few details here."

"Fine. I'll have one—what you're offering."

"First off, Rutledge—I can't tell you who hired me to submit the proxy bid. I don't know who it was in any case—the firm was hired by a third party. And it would violate my code of confidentiality if I were to accept a job to find out the identity of same party or parties. *Capice?*"

"Even if it involves kidnapping."

"Who's the kid?" Buzzcock hit the top of his forehead with the heel of his hand, acting as if it had just hit him: "Oh! The missing blowboy, I guess. Just hire me to do that, Rutledge. The rest of it might fall into place automatically—I know I'm not supposed to say that—but that's the way the land lays—or something like that."

Rutledge's eyes glazed dubiously.

Buzzcock looked a touch ingratiatingly at the stack of large used bills inside the envelope. Dropped his hand to the iced bottle of tequila again, with his mouth awry in a grimace.

He said to Rutledge:

"Another shot?"

"Yuh."

"Funny as this may sound, Rutledge, I can't take your money yet."

"You know, Buzzcock. Even though I am decidedly repelled by you—I know this must be an awfully disreputable line of work you are in—snooping about, looking at people's private acts and all that—

I can see you're no jerk."

"Some people just like to work."

"You yourself must see it—a lot of the seaminess in people's lives that's usually kept well hidden. You have to be affected by it. Your view of humanity I daresay would be truly alarming."

"Sleazy—so I see on teevee."

"Your attitude confirms it. If you really had pride in yourself and what you did, you wouldn't be making all these self-deprecating jokes—and—and leering at me—mockingly."

"Easy, Rutledge. Have another drink?"

"I think so. Answer my question—seriously, if that's within your control."

"The answer is that—seriously, but not controllably—I just love to wallow in it."

"I think so."

Buzzcock winked:

"I know so."

Rutledge took out another roll of thick tobacco. Poked it into his yip.

Buzzcock lit it for him.

Rutledge dropped one hand to his hip. Placed his palm inside his suitjacket and drew the lapel back to one side.

A wide swath of chestflesh was visible through his opened shirt.

"Let's begin, Rutledge. Where did you meet him?"

"I met DeQuincey on the beach—he's not a bum.

An actor."

"He said."

Rutledge nodded his head warily.

Continued gabbing:

"I had noticed DeQuincey around before—thought he might be the guy to proxy for me at the upcoming auction—this was a couple days ago."

"That you met your trusted servant."

"Yes. My personal valet is on vacation. And I needed a new face anyway."

Buzzcock raised his eyebrows. He said nothing. His eyes glittered.

"Look, Buzzcock. If you are insinuating that I had some sort of relationship with him—I assure you that DeQuincey was no more to me than any other hired hand."

"You missed this DeQuincey when?"

"We were out on the terrace together earlier today. After the auction—late morning, early afternoon. I turned around and he was gone."

"Awfully soon for you to come running."

"Time is, I believe, of the essence."

"Sounds like it."

"I searched my beach house—no notes. No dice."

"No clothes or personal possessions he left."

"He had none to speak of when he arrived."

"He abscond with any of yours? Mementos of torn underwear? Snips of pubic hair? Erotic jewelry?"

"Nothing obvious if he did."

"So you don't think he just went out on his own for a walk or something."

"Went off humping someone? Is that what you're telling me, Buzzcock?"

"No—he might be off sucking a bit of cock. I guess there are reasons you didn't want to go squealing to the constabulary right away."

"I don't think it is their business to know or to intervene if matters such as these can be handled privately through confidential enquiries."

"You did come to the right place, you know. Shiv Buzzcock: fag detective—at your service."

Rutledge smoked.

Coughed nervously.

Rutsweat flew from his forehead as he spoke:

"Okay, Buzzcock. Go for broke."

Rutledge shivered slightly.

Undulated his spine upward from his hiney to his nape. Then writhed in an insinuating wave down the backbone again.

Unhitched the buckle of his belt and unbuttoned his pants—watching Buzzcock's eyes following his fingers trancelike as they teased open the top of the zippered fly.

"Dazzling," Buzzcock upchucked. "Better protect my eyes from all this."

He snapped a set of smoke-lensed cheaters on over his peepers.

"Looks too hot to mangle," Buzzcock said, eyes angling, "with bare hands."

Swiped on a pair of kidskin leather gauntleted gloves with thin piping trimming each phalange and worked into a design at the wrist.

Rutledge tried a grin that died out thinly at the ends of his lips as he saw Buzzcock twist his hand into a rock-hard fist.

With unmistakable jack-off motions, Buzzcock loaded his pipe full again with the pungent resin.

"Want to try some of this?"

"What is it?"

"Extract of jimson flowers."

"Hashish?"

"No. Nothing like it."

"Will I go psycho?"

"Depends on how far you have to go."

"Oh. I guess so."

Rutledge pumped a puff of fragrant smoke into his throat. His bloated penis hung tantalizingly close to Buzzcock's nose.

Florid prickskin glowing through the stretched material of Rutledge's brightly colored underwear seen through his slightly opened trouser front.

Buzzcock sighed, smoking the pipe, as Rutledge shrugged off his jacket and shirt with one fluid motion. His trousers billowed to the floor and piled loose and pillowy around his ankles.

Wad of ballocks filled out the crotch of his hot-

pink underpants with lime-green designs accentuating his taut lines.

Head of erect cock pulsed headily pressed against Rutledge's belly.

Cock-and-balls assemblage tautly outlined by the finely woven material of Rutledge's skant briefs.

Break between buttocks cheeks sneaking up over the waistband.

Buzzcock flipped a finlike palm behind his back. Snapped out with a long curved blade of dull-burnished steel.

"This is why," Buzzcock's eyes danced, "some rudedudes call me Shiv."

"I don't know very much about that sort of thing, Buzzcock. Is that a Bowie knife?"

"Not quite."

Buzzcock slid the sharpened blade back and forth in front of his eyes, pointing it now and then nonchalantly at Rutledge's protruding underpants.

"Jim Bowie had a knife made to his own personalized specifications," Buzzcock said, keeping his eyes trained on the straining erection in Rutledge's groin. "Incidentally—you knew Bowie and Davy Crockett had a thing going down at the Alamo."

"Are you sure that wasn't David Bowie?"

"And who? Jimmy Crockett? Come off it. This is historical fact. So the Bowie knife is based on Jim Bowie's personal set of specifications. This knife is made to mine: Long blade. Thin. Straight. Both

edges are sharpened way down here to the crosspiece of the guard—and it's balanced for throwing."

"Named after you—I presume."

"Buzzcock stinger—that's its moniker."

"Do it."

Buzzcock zinged the knife the short distance through the air.

Zi-iiip!

Rutledge's underpants ripped as the tip of the knife blade slipped through the material. The knife diddled in midair as Rutledge's pubic hair was revealed.

Rutledge's prick jumped out like a fish. Ballocks jiggled below as he rolled the nipples of his torso with two twisting fists.

Buzzcock took a drag from his pipe.

Picked up his knife.

Flapped his jaw wide.

Took the gaping head of Rutledge's twanger inside. wetness of maw encompassed the pumping nib of Rutledge's erect penis.

"Oh!"

Buzzcock bounced Rutledge's nuts off the side of his knife blade as he moved his tongue snidely sidewise up the flat rise of Rutledge's belly.

Rutledge writhed his thighs as Buzzcock took twanger deep into his craw.

With moving jaw, Buzzcock chawed down from the tip of Rutledge's dickhead to the root of his

sprouting cockstem.

Ballocks billowed below, unfolding like the petals of a blossoming orchid in the moistness of the jungle foliage.

Musky scents ran scrambling through Buzzcock's sinuses. He ran the blade of his knife lightly beneath Rutledge's nutcase.

"Eeeeeh."

Sliced ticklishly toward Rutledge's bumbreak.

"Aiiiiinh."

Buzzcock tingled the outside rind of the asshole ensconced in Rutledge's hind end.

Buzzcock fluttered an open leathered palm feather-like against the sleekness of one of Rutledge's buttery asscheeks.

"Whee!"

Rutledge bent his legs at the knees and ankles. Dork dangled down deep into Buzzcock's throat.

Bloated ballocks hung round Buzzcock's chin like the wattles of a turkey gobbler.

Buzzcock tapped Rutledge's tush with the flat side of the knife blade. Rutledge's nates jiggled as he ground his jimjam in Buzzcock's jowls.

Leather paws played around at Rutledge's hinders. Fingering blowhole and backside of ballocks sack.

Flailing phalanx betwixt the asscrack.

"Ai-yi-yiii."

Rutledge crouched there naked.

Pecker poking Buzzcock's neck.

Arms and legs draped down Buzzcock's back and torso. Rutledge bored through Buzzcock's face with a juggernaut of dickmeat propelled by fast flexions of his nates.

Rutledge's body began to sway.

He neighed:

"Ah ni-ninny."

Buzzcock unstrung his head from Rutledge's hard-on lingam and hammered it instead within his leathered fist.

He zigged his wrist left.

Pulled pecker out taut.

Let the stinger snap back hard and pumping hanging below Rutledge's tum-tum.

Buzzcock jerked the prick upward. Licked the underside of the prickbeak as his kidskin-clad digits fidgeted through Rutledge's balls.

Rutledge rolled his buttocks over Buzzcock's coiled knuckles.

Buckled backward as Buzzcock sniped the side of the knife down the insides of Rutledge's thighs. Gripped Rutledge's nippletips with the tender leather of his gloved fingers.

"Yes."

Buzzcock stung the cheeks of Rutledge's backside with light pricks of the tip of his knife. He wiped the sweat from Rutledge's hiney from the savory blade with his tongue.

Then stuck his head back onto the skewer of

Rutledge's red-hot poker.

Rutledge hustled his fannymeat rapidly stoking Buzzcock's throat.

Prickmeat ricocheted from the sides of Buzzcock's teeth straight up behind Buzzcock's nose. The dick bent and shot then down through Buzzcock's chewing gullet.

Rutledge rutted ravenously.

Ate the air in front of his face with choppers bared. Tongue dangling luridly—then flailing maniacally between glowing eyes.

Rutledge felt something like orgasm commence—though it did not feel like a climax.

He arched his back.

Shaking his head back and forth. Throwing off rancid rutsweat from his dank tresses. Breath pelleted with thick beads of smoking saliva.

"Omigaaaaawd, Buzzcock. Suck it."

Rutledge chucked his choad deeper into the black hole of Buzzcock's throat.

Buzzcock ate at Rutledge's cockmeat with facecheeks bellowing—alternately bloating and deflating—working in increasing herky-jerk rhythm to the beat of imminent jizzom.

"Eaugh."

Rutledge pitched his peepers up inside of his head. Looking up from suckering Rutledge's prong, Buzzcock saw the whites of Rutledge's eyeballs glow with unctuous sheen as they rolled slowly upward

in their sprockets.

Perspiration smarmed from Rutledge's underarms. Fucksweat washed down his cringing backbone. Liquids trickled between his buttcheeks as Buzzcock squeaked the blade of his knife with finesse across Rutledge's fanny.

Buzzcock randied Buzzcock's rubyfruit mouthlips.

Sashayed his hips as the first blip of semen snipped off into Buzzcock's yip.

"Inh!"

Jizzom juiced from the loosely rolling log awash in Buzzcock's spittle.

Buzzcock ran his tongue around the sputtering dickhead as he fed upon cockcome froth fresh from the spigot.

He licked his lips.

Slipped the blade of his knife down the heavily veined sides of Rutledge's still-surprisingly-hard and strong dingalingdong.

Buzzcock turned his head with a creak toward the setup of drink and smoke.

"Time for refreshments, Rutledge. What's your pleasure next?"

Jizzomic and salivic slime slipped from the sides of Buzzcock's maw as he spoke, like melted mozzarella cheese oozing over the edge of a hot wedge of pizza.

"Assfuckery," Rutledge slid through his lips. "I can suck your dick while I fuck you."

"Not if I fuck you first."

"Especially so, then."

"Say when."

"Read my mind."

Fuckblinded and with redness bleeding through his interior vision, Rutledge found his fingers feeling out toward Buzzcock's face.

He bent and kissed Buzzcock.

Twice.

Tingling in Rutledge's twanger grew to a fever pitch. Itching pinched his asshole pucker—punkhole smooching like fishlips.

Rutledge spread his legs and draped them over Buzzcock's thighs. He rubbed the rise of Buzzcock's penis through his pleated pants.

Buzzcock drank more tequila as Rutledge felt his nuts and dragged his tongue up and down his neck.

Rutledge had Buzzcock's dick out and gripped it by the snout.

Ran his fingers forward and back in jacking action, cackling slowly.

With eyes like embers.

Buzzcock ran his gloved hands over Rutledge's fannycheeks as Rutledge squeaked his own asshole on over the floating tip of Rutledge's stinger.

Buzzcock kicked his lower limbs and his britches drifted down over his knees.

Rutledge's asshole squeezed Buzzcock's prickneck as it sighed down the veined ridge of Buzzcock's

wrangling fleshblade.

Buzzcock ran his snaking dong up Rutledge's rectum. Buttcheeks bounced easily, Rutledge's dick and balls bouncing on Buzzcock's belly.

Buzzcock jacked Rutledge's hard-on with leather fingers, aiming the eyehole toward his face as he raced his penis along the velvety insides of Rutledge's groveling asshide.

Rutledge pumped his pelvis astride Buzzcock's pronghorn. Punkhole oiled with rutsmarm spasmed gibberingly, pierced through entirely.

Then Rutledge's asshole snapped shut—Buzzcock's prick squirting out through the raised rim of anus and jutting out straight.

"Aiii!"

Smutch snickered liquidly from the nib end of Buzzcock's bending peckerwood. Hooded head of cock, cobralike in movement—spat spurts of venomous jizzom at the flatness of Rutledge's belly.

Jellylike jizz fizzed at the edges of Rutledge's navel. Cobbles of cockcome glowed in the forest of Rutledge's pubic flocculence like pearls growing on a tree in a mythical country.

Rutledge hammered his hawgmeat—beating with both fists.

His mouth yammered and bleated silently, maniacally—as a long lariat of jizzom unstrung from the prepuce lips, floated through the air in a low arc, dripped and hung suspended for an hallucinatory

instant in space before slapping against the eyefolds of Buzzcock's face like surf creaming upon a beach at sunrise.

Buzzcock batted his eyes.

Cobwebs of cockcome strung from his forehead to the upper edge of the blades of his high cheekbones. He moaned as he licked the last kick of jizzom from midair.

Rutledge ran his fingers over both their bodies. Gathered up a fistful of cockcome.

Anointed his own face.

Rubbed the mixture of fuck-moisture, fermenty saliva, and yeasty jizzom over his facial features.

Wiped the remnants through Buzzcock's headhair.

"There," Buzzcock said, sharing a momentarily satisfied look with Rutledge. "Now tell me more about this queerboy friend of yours DeQuincey."

"Such as?"

"Where could he go?"

"Around here?"

"We can start with that."

"Oh—he was staying at Kincaid's clubhouse."

"What the fucksuckrut is that?"

"I thought you knew everything."

"I do. But it's all filed away. I tend not to fill my mind with banal trivia until it becomes relevant."

"You may know it by another name. Fey philanthropist runs it as a not-for-profit cultural institute."

"That the place with all the gardens and columns and amphitheaters you can see from the highway? They hold concerts there."

"Yes."

"Bunch of brats live there—surfer types. Jocks. Artists. Musicians. Writers—real flits. They show up on prostie rap sheets, petty theft—that kind of architypically American gink, I should think."

"You know the place—you know Kincaid."

"Where does he get his loot?"

"Donations. Benefit balls, auctions."

"Well endowed, I take it."

"I suppose so."

"You wouldn't know?"

"Where else?"

"DeQuincey said he used to work the bar at Brother Ramon's Roadhouse."

"Ramon Ramirez?"

"I didn't know that was his name."

"It's probably the same. I ran into him a couple years ago. He was fencing off some stolen building supplies—you can see I get all the flashy Hollywood-type capers around town. Worked out of a fake Mex nightclub in San Antonio after he was rousted from his perch here. He could be back now."

"You think he could by any chance be handling the disposition of erotic art?"

"Ramon would manhandle anything. He was once under suspicion as part of an international

conspiracy to smuggle in tropical fruit from Central America. Talk about cute!"

"And DeQuincey often talked about visiting Greece. Athens, particularly. And Mykonos. Chan-Chan in northern Peru. Maya sites in Mexico. He was very spiritual."

"Often? DeQuincey often talked about those things? He must have been some yakker—you only knew him—what?"

"Less than two days."

"And DeQuincey was so very spiritual you suspect him of selling you out during the bidding for this old dingdong-shaped ornament."

"Well—I suspect that eventually through the grapevine whoever purchased those doodads will get in touch with me—when he wants to sell them. It would be valuable strategically—in the sense of professionally—if I knew the identity. I suspect its the same person or group that snapped up my Carthaginian and Egyptian cock-and-arse pieces with preemptive high bidding."

Rutledge tittered giddily.

He jerked his gherkin gaudily as he picked Buzzcock up by the tits and pressed him ass-down upon the top of Buzzcock's desk.

Rutledge's flesh tingled as his dangler wangled its way up the insides of Buzzcock's thighs and rested its hawgsnout within the pouting rim of Buzzcock's fluttering asshole pucker.

Buzzcock squeezed his legs around Rutledge's waist as Rutledge curved his backbone forward. Rutledge hung his head down, lolling his tongue out loosely toward the piping head of Buzzcock's shuddering dingdong.

"You said, Rutledge, you could screw me and blow me at the same time."

"I did?"

"Give it a try."

"I hardly have to try—I'm an expert at the technique. And I'll warn you that I have not yet even begun to come. I'm like that."

"Juicy one. I like that."

Rutledge squeezed his prickmeat through the hole embedded between Buzzcock's asscheeks.

He yanked Buzzcock's dork up toward his mouth.

Flicked his tongue out.

Tapped the tip of pecker as his dick slid quietly smirking into Buzzcock's jerking hiney. Assoils boiled.

Rutledge fucked Buzzcock's ass hard.

Eased his prick back out to the head and craned his neck forward.

Corked the cap of Buzzcock's dork between his set of teeth.

Breathed deeply upon the head of Buzzcock's pecker as he sank his own prick past the neck in Buzzcock's anus.

Buzzcock ran the flat side of his knife blade along

his juddering prick. Sheared a few of his own pubic hairs with the sharpened edge.

"Ahajah!"

Cocksucking and assfucking simultaneously, the veins in Rutledge's prick and forehead stuck out like livewires.

Buzzcock wrapped his leatherclad palms about the back of Rutledge's head. He ran his kidskin-sheathed fingers down Rutledge's spinal column and tapped the back of Rutledge's nutsack.

He screwed one leather-layered thumb directly into Rutledge's stammering bunghole. Strutted the digit up and up with corkscrew motion.

"Fuck me. Suck me."

"I am."

"Come—again—all—over—me."

Buzzcock's asshole exploded like a worn tire as Rutledge blared off a new round of come. Jizzom hung dizzily in a stretched gnarl from the underside of Buzzcock's blowhole.

Come coiled from the chittering edge of Buzzcock's jimjam—flipped in the air and snicked against Rutledge's dentition.

Smile fresh as mountain mint spread from chin to cheek as Rutledge sucked the scalding scum into his maw through his teeth and with throat apple bobbing swallowed the comecurd hard down his throat and into his tummy.

"Yummy."

Rutledge stood there smoking and working his boner again in his fingers.

"Guess you got that dinner date, Rutledge. Or is that later?"

"More importantly, Buzzcock. You got yourself some heavy action to run down."

"I like to work after dark—when all the animals and bloodsuckers come out from their lairs."

"There are plenty around the beachfront playgrounds in broad sunny daylight."

"Oh, yes—time is of the essence—is it not? You get what you paid for. Well—you've got to have it now—don't you. Got to be going after your case, Rutledge. Well, sir. Thanks for the warmup."

"Buzzcock—I meant what I said about your being a putrid scum. But that's the kind of guy I happen to need on my side at the moment. Don't let it go to your head. Incidentally—I do like your shades and your gloves—and do tell me where I can get one of those knives."

FIVE

Jizzom-strung tonguetip flipping in his yip, Shiv Buzzcock gunned the engine of his vintage flat-black-painted Corvette up the winding roadbed to the crest overlooking the gulf.

Across the cove stood a grove of oak and laurel trees and a few obligatory rows of grapevines on a bluff overlooking the roll of creaming surf.

Upon a beach played several bodies—glossed and bronzed—hard muscles flexing and silhouettes

adopting postures with limbs and hips projecting.

Buzzcock could still savor the deep sour-milk taste of Rutledge's jizzom lacing across his tastebuds. There was a sludge of come and saliva clinging to the back of his teeth, which he could taste even as he breathed.

His tongue lingered for a heady instant as he remembered the fine blowjob he had given Rutledge. The fine fucking and sucking.

And the nature of Buzzcock's mission.

The weather was the sort described customarily as entirely intolerable:

Dead gray skies.

High overcast glaze that did little to shield the heat of the glowering sun, which now hung low, well on its way toward the horizon.

Humidity fairly dripped in sheets from the breezeless air.

Salty scents hung hard and sinewy.

Clamminess clung enviously close to both clothing and body.

Buzzcock enjoyed such weather—not any less because of the discomfort it seemed to bring out in others.

Well. As for himself—Buzzcock thrived on it. His element.

Hands on the wheel and foot on the accelerator, Buzzcock darted his automobile around a curve, and the roadbed pitched downward.

Off to one side of the road was a grubby patch of parched desert scrubland with surveyors' lines strung in places wrapped around cactuses and pulled through dried beds of sage.

Smell of skunk assailed Buzzcock's nasal membranes. He craned his neck, catching a flash of the sea through the irrigated greenery fronting the water's edge.

On a ledge dominated by a sleek miniature glass-and-concrete reinterpretation of the palace of Minos from Knossos, Crete, Buzzcock spied a line of statues of modernist starkness and abstraction—not looking a whole lot like but clearly meant to be representations of Oscar Wilde, James Dean, Little Richard, and Tennessee Williams.

Truncated pillars lined a high hedgework maze at the edge of a lewdly shaped pond, the outside architectural rim of which featured large-lettered engraved quotations from Joe Orton, Allen Ginsberg, and William S. Burroughs.

Buzzcock swerved through a high wide gate inset with wrought-iron speartips across the top. Ground his car to a halt in the gravel of a driveway wider than the coastal highway.

A pricklike obelisk struck up from a complex of low buildings. Figlike domes—almost but not quite twins, completed the phallic image.

And an architectural asshole was added as an ampersand by the nearby amphitheater spilling

down the side of a moderate rise of cliff from the beach.

Way down at the edge of the water—but looking so close Buzzcock felt he could almost reach out and touch their taut buttcheeks—Buzzcock saw a group of youthful lads playing a game of volleyball in the rude.

"May we help you?" cooed a voice from somewhere within the darkened annex inset between the two ballocklike domes.

"Yes," Buzzcock said leisurely, hopping from his bucket seat. "I believe you may."

He slid a card from his case and held it aloft, trying to catch the face of the husky dude poised crudely in the shadows of the doorway.

The brute snatched the card from Buzzcock's hand. Ran his eyes over it once uncomprehendingly. Slinked off wiggling his hiney captivated inside a pair of bleached-out tight leggings patterned after the design of a diamondback rattlesnake.

"I'm here to see the professor," Buzzcock called out, inflected as a suggestion. "Doctor Amator Kincaid. The boss of the place."

Buzzcock winked inwardly at the lithe limber movement of the guy's haunch.

Ass raunched sidewise.

Leggings clinging like stretched skin.

There was an ass that never went begging, Buzzcock drooled coolly.

"Thank you. Don't mind if I do come in," Buzzcock said to no one.

He stepped inside to the foyer to wait.

His ear was grazed by a pair of cold hard lips. Buzzcock's eyes boggled.

He cringed.

At first Buzzcock thought someone was there in ambush—ready to take a whack at him. Cut off his head. Decapitate him.

"Excuse me," Buzzcock now breathed easily. "I must be in the wrong place. I never received an invitation to this beheading."

Buzzcock's jaw went slack, relaxed again as Buzzcock saw the raised axe was sculptured. The man who wielded the weapon was statuesque too.

Blithely bearded and wearing a gruff Grecian helmet with horsehair crest, the silent warrior was naked from the upper edge of his armorial shin greaves to the chinstrap of his helm.

"Bare buttocks," Buzzcock muttered. "Should be—it is—cool to the touch."

Buzzcock bent to kiss the statue's asscheeks.

He reached around front and ran his hand along the sculptured tip of hard-on.

Jacked the statue off playfully while wearing his driving gloves.

"You love it, don't you, Achilles?" Buzzcock said sucking stone dickhead. "Even though you give no overt response—I can feel your potency run through

me."

Buzzcock blew the statue of the Greek hero of the Iliad. Slid one hand around the rump in a futile attempt to squeeze it into the finely detailed sculptured blowhole.

"So noble," Buzzcock continued as he noshed.

One click—hard sole on marble?—was enough. Buzzcock snapped his head up.

"I see you approve of our statuary," a voice came drolly, seeming to roll from Cupid's bow lips like oil of cockcome from fucked asshole.

"Very much," Buzzcock clucked.

Buzzcock's dark-goggled eyes gaggled at a set of gangly gams flickering out from the split up the front of a free-flowing raw-silk kimono brocaded throughout with threads of red, green, orange, yellow, gilt and silver.

An amber cigarette holder was screwed in between two rashers of squarecut teeth.

A faggot burned therein—greenish black smoke tainted with the fumes of opium and hashish floated upward in front of colorlessly glowing eyes.

Hair piled high in a pomp.

The cigarette dripped ashes daintily upon wide lapels of blood-red mink-pelt felt.

Clatter of high sandal heels upon the worked stone of the flooring.

Buzzcock felt the blood of erection pouring throughout his entire body.

Gore implored his pecker to quickened hard-on. The feeling was infectious throughout his physical and mental being.

Nothing more.

Nothing less.

Not just his rock-hard rigid dick.

Not just his inflated billowing nutcase.

Not just the spasmic yammering of his asshole.

Not just the taste of jizzom to come already scurrying around on his tongue.

Hardbody through and through.

He screamed within from the nibs of his toes to the tip of his forehead:

Shiv Buzzcock was a howling erection—pure and simple.

"You may know this already, Buzzcock," the man said to him. "The ancient Greeks made much of the substance they called ichor. It flowed within the gods and was envisioned as the juice of life—divine."

"What do you think they meant by that? Blood? You know—symbolically."

"I rather agree with the authorities who identify ichor as jizzom."

"Yeah. I heard those Greeks were like that."

"If you like mouthing off about our Achilles here, you might want to mount our statue of Bucephallus, the horse of Alexander the great."

"Oh?"

"It's out by the fountain."

Buzzcock flicked his eyes out through a glassed loggia where a huge metal horse reared and showed immense knobs of ballocks and prick.

Several lads clad in loincloths skipped about, spitting and shouting out the basest obscenities between bared barracuda teeth.

"Don't mind them," the man said to Buzzcock. "They've just been chewing too many of the weeds we grow in the conservatory to feed the wildlife. You wish to interview Kincaid. Greetings."

"I think I already guessed that," Buzzcock said as if he meant it to be taken breezily. "And I knew you knew me already—even though you might not have seen me."

"Really?"

"You see, one of your boys hired me—regarding the proxy bid at the suction—I mean auction this morning. I was undercover. Incognito."

"Ah, yes."

Kincaid flared a wide easy simple boyish grin that turned on a dime into a leer.

A tight rictus spasmed up one side of his face to the lower edge of his ear.

Kincaid clicked his bared teeth together and ran his peepers over Buzzcock's quilted leather jerkin open down the front and his tight buff-white jodhpur outfit of flared breeches and ankle boots.

His vision seized the lithe gloves Buzzcock wore.

And Kincaid's eyes were reflected in the shadowy goggles Buzzcock wrapped about his visage.

Then Kincaid's eyes sizzled upon the rise in Buzzcock's crotch.

Buzzcock extended a gloved fist.

Kincaid gripped it and shook it.

"How about a kiss, Buzzcock."

"Sure."

"Now another one. This time with your tongue out so I can suck it in my mouth."

"Brazen, aren't we, Kincaid? And you aren't even the one paying me now."

Kincaid pawed Buzzcock's pockets.

Reached up underneath Buzzcock's armpits.

Finally frisked around and found Buzzcock's stinger of a knife attached to the back of Buzzcock's britches.

"What have we here?"

"I usually don't like to carry shotguns or rifles. Not for such trifles as opening packages and whipping off pricks to ejaculation."

Kincaid smiled wanly.

"I see, Buzzcock. Come with me."

As they hurried across the marble flooring, a group of bleach-blond dudes wearing swimming suits passed by outside, calling the other youths brats and snatching at their fannies as they spasmed grins so remote they seemed the product of random ambient discharges of unintelligent neurons.

"You don't even know why I'm calling on you, Kincaid. I met with Rutledge earlier today."

"What does it matter? I gathered your visit had something to do with the group of objects the institute acquired at the auction today."

"That's not really the point, though."

"Rutledge may have said that it wasn't. But I am sure he is interested in no more than the disposition of his Carthaginian cockring and Alexandrian asshole-charm. As well as the identity of who it was who beat him out on the purchase of the Dionysian thyrsus."

Kincaid led the way—robes flowing outward and bared buttocks flashing for a maddening instant of display—through the courtyard where the statue of the horse of Alexander the Great hung its sculptured meat neatly in the teeth of the braying lads at play.

Buzzcock stood by staidly as Kincaid opened a narrow door to the anteroom of a tiny rotunda.

Light snicked on and Buzzcock saw the walls were lined with racks of ballocks ratchets, fanny braces, casings for legs and arms, handcuffs, anklets, buttplugs, hooded masks, cockrings, and dildos specialized for distinct occupations.

"You see?"

"I do, Kincaid. Quite a collection."

"We are administering a buying campaign on behalf of a group of European collections—private as well as institutional. The consortium is working

through us to acquire higher museum-quality objects suitable for display."

"Okay so far as it goes."

Kincaid's face glowed rosily as he spoke, smoke circling from his nostrils:

"Plans are to publish a fancy-ass art book on the subject of ancient functional erotic art in conjunction with a traveling exhibition—in order to help offset the the financing of the joint acquisitions. Then the pieces of the collection are to be divided up among the investors—admittedly a questionable way to proceed as far as my own views would regard it. But, again—we are only involved in seeking out the pieces. Not in their ultimate disposition."

"And it's all right if I tell Rutledge that?"

"If he is your client, that's what he's paying you to find out, no doubt."

"And who are these European parties?"

"Now that I cannot say. I would be loath to go that far at any rate—for reasons pertaining to confidentiality. And they are in fact unknown to me—they are working through representatives here in the United States as well as elsewhere."

Buzzcock's eyes caught the glint of a tuft of Kincaid's pubic hair through the slightly opened flap of the kimono he wore tied loosely with a wide sash.

Kincaid's nostrils flared as he snorted out a cloud of smoke drawn from his cigarette. His eyes lit like

lanterns.

Buzzcock's eyes scampered to the suggestively revealed curvature of Kincaid's leg.

Kincaid drifted his foot forward. Hooked Buzzcock around the ankle of his leather boot.

Watched Buzzcock's eyes shoot up Kincaid's bared calf and thigh.

Kincaid reached up with both hands and with bland expression took hold of the shoulders of Buzzcock's leather jerkin.

"Mmmmmgh."

Their lips met and there was a flash like lightning. Spinning inside Buzzcock's head led him to presume dizziness.

Then something gripped Buzzcock deep inside his haunch. The feeling warped his asshole inside out. Yanked his balls down hard.

Stung the tip of his twanger.

"Loverboy," Kincaid said with coiled tongue. "I like to lick your lips, I think. Give me some."

"You didn't have enough before?"

"Not nearly."

Buzzcock felt Kincaid's hips move against him. One of Kincaid's knees was pushed between Buzzcock's. The other of Kincaid's legs squeezed against the outside of Buzzcock's haunch.

"Aaaaah."

Kincaid's balls wiped along Buzzcock's trousers as Kincaid began to rut like a mutt.

His prick jutted up out of the split of the front of his robe.

His asshole rubbed against the outside muscles wrapped around Buzzcock's thighbone.

"Oooooh."

Kincaid groaned as he honed his hard-on upon Buzzcock's thigh.

They looked each other in the eyes.

Buzzcock and Kincaid sucked each other's mouth as Buzzcock's leather-gloved fingers twitched the heavily worked material of Kincaid's kimono down over his shoulders.

They ate each other's face greedily as Buzzcock jacked Kincaid off with speedy palms.

Buzzcock bent and immediately gave head to Kincaid's stammering stinger.

"Unh. Unh. Unh."

Dentition stung the nougat.

Mouth snicked along the beak of cock.

Nibbled underneath the prickhead.

Just in back of the neck.

"Aiii."

Buzzcock licked languidly along the series of veins stretched down the extension of Kincaid's hard-on erection.

He took Kincaid's nuts in his leathered fists.

Twisted them.

"Eiii!"

Grinned as Kincaid's torso torqued, twisted, and

warped from side to side.

Scum blew sky high as Kincaid writhed.

Buzzcock snapped his trap right back onto Kincaid's hard-on.

Crunched the sputtering erection between his front teeth.

Dug deeply into dick with his molars.

"Iiiiinh."

Buzzcock gobbled the few cobbles of jizzom that had escaped as Kincaid's gaping prick went into stymied ejaculation—the come draining back down again into the ballocks.

"How did you do it, Buzzcock? Why—you hardly chewed it."

"Just a knack I developed for sucking cock."

Kincaid shook his head as if to clear it.

"And, Buzzcock—whatever you did stopped my come-miiing. But I still experienced orgasm."

"Gets mystical sometimes, I noticed."

Kincaid gloated at his own hard-on.

Speared it once again into the face of Shiv Buzzcock, ace blade runner cocksucker fag detective. Stuck it to the craw.

"Aaaaawn."

Buzzcock's head hobbled Kincaid's hard-on.

He took the twanger clear down his throat and began to run his hands with open palms along the outside cylinder of his neck.

"What is that?"

Buzzcock spat Kincaid's dick from his trap:

"I'm jacking you off while I'm sucking you off. Get it?"

Buzzcock sucked dick again—vacuuming it in to the quick.

"The trick is," Buzzcock gargled, "to get it jammed in there so deep I can jack it off by running my palms along the outside of my neck."

"Do it, then."

Buzzcock stroked the dick entnrapped in his yap.

He whipped his hands down the muscled outside of his skewered neck.

Then Buzzcock took his hands away and manipulated Kincaid's jimjam by the workings of his mandibles and neck muscles.

Jizzom sizzled in Kincaid's nuts.

His ass butted forward.

"Ahajah!"

Yancey blew off a fount of molten jizzom that exploded in the center of Buzzcock's kisser.

Mist of jizz fizzed through midair.

Festoons of cockcome hung from the wet bangs of Buzzcock's freshly trimmed hair.

Buzzcock drank jizzom from the air.

The final curd of Kincaid's sour-milk semen snicked from the chuckling cockhead onto the tip of Buzzcock's nose.

Kincaid posed there with his cock draining out.

Not a shower of sparkling spermlets now, but a

powerhouse of floral-scented pizzle.

"Mmmmm."

Buzzcock snorted piss up his snout.

Ran his face about Kincaid's pissing groin.

"Kiss my piss."

Buzzcock burbled like a fish in the rinse of Kincaid's pizzle.

Urine stung into Buzzcock's eyesockets.

Buckets of piss swarmed over Buzzcock's leather garments. He opened the codpiece of his breeches.

Kincaid pissed on Buzzcock's dick.

Pissed down Buzzcock's nuts.

Buzzcock rolled over, rolled the back of his pants down.

And Kincaid pissed on Buzzcock's butt.

Buzzcock flipped his own dick out and up as he straightened back up onto his knees.

He seized Kincaid's dick and sucked on it again as he let loose a volume of his own piss twisting in liquid ribbons down Buzzcock's legs.

"You know, Kincaid. Thinking of those statues again—I was wondering how you chose the subjects."

"They were sponsored by donations."

"You mean I could put one up?"

"If you came through with enough funding to commission the work."

"How much does it generally cost to underwrite something like that?"

"Anywhere from a hundred thousand dollars on up."

"That horse?"

"Closer to half a million."

"Fuckingchrist."

"You could on the other hand, Buzzcock, set yourself up as head of a committee to build a display, say, devoted to Jim Morrison."

"I'm beginning to understand a few things. You live pretty ritzy—considering you're a chintzy charitable institution."

"Not charitable—cultural. We give grants—and we get them. Money goes toward projects in the arts—as well as a recent program devoted to developing young athletes train—mainly in watersports—for international competition."

"I have another idea for one of those statues. How about Arnold Schwartzenegger?"

"A bigger hunk than you could chew."

"Yeah—I bet those muscles would cost a slew of mazuma to cast in bronze."

"And think about the shlong."

"I am. Yours."

Buzzcock again blew Kincaid's dong.

Kincaid warped his body about Buzzcock's face as Buzzcock ate cock.

"Now fuck me."

Then Buzzcock ran the blade of his hard-on stinger quickly and directly at the entranceway to

Kincaid's juddering bum.

"Uuuuunh."

Buzzcock speared Kincaid's butt.

Rutted away with slinking sashays of his pelvis, hips, and buttocks.

Kincaid squelched a squeal as he hammered his heels repeatedly against Buzzcock's back.

Buzzcock whipped his kidskin-gloved hands along Kincaid's hard-on as he fucked him.

Kincaid's ass returned the fuck fast.

Asshole screwed itself on dong.

Kincaid slipped along the unctuous length of Buzzcock's wriggling stinger.

Leather fingers pressed the nipples of the tits that bleeped from Kincaid's ribcage.

Buzzcock twisted Kincaid's nippletips like control knobs.

Kincaid's head bobbed and weaved.

He heaved up marble-textured globules of sputum as he sleazed his prick-fucked rump queasily from side to side.

"Ai-yi-yiii!"

Kincaid's ass shook as Buzzcock wrenched one of Kincaid's nipples between thumb and forefinger. Prick still fucking up arse.

Kincaid gibbered with parched breath:

"Pawpaw pawpaw pawpaw pawpaw ahau maumau. Pawpaw ahau maumau."

Buzzcock reached out and snapped his fingers

onto an ancient Celtic nippleclip.

He snapped the bauble onto Kincaid's tit and twisted it remorselessly.

Still keeping his prick fucking away in Kincaid's bucket.

Buzzcock cast his eyes about the objects arrayed around the room in informal display.

He caught sight of the Carthaginian cockring. Saw the Egyptian asshole charm.

And was disarmed by the captivating texture of the Dionysian dildo—with its layers of gilt plating worn off at the tip.

Somehow Kincaid's story re the Europeans was a little too tailored.

Too neat.

Too underplayed and sedate.

And that kind of jazz grated on Buzzcock.

But he worked his buttocks—one of his more well-balanced talents—mind clicking away like a dark box full of gizmos.

He jacked his cock faster in and out of Kincaid's randying ass.

Felt the rutsweat wash from his forehead and sting into his vision.

The friction of Kincaid's tractioning asshole pulled the come right out from the center of Buzzcock's sack of marbles.

Buzzcock threw his head back.

Warbled:

"Ululululu!"

Scum snapped in his nutcase.

Jizzom crackled cackling up the spermatic cords and into the fuselage of his hanging twanger.

Prick popped.

Gushes of jizzom guzzled from the thickly nibbed head of Buzzcock's prick.

Pecker squirmed from within Kincaid's sliming bumcake. Rumpmeat twisted as driblets of jizzom scalded onto spread red rosehole.

Boiling cockcome strung out in knotted cords and lashed against spasming fannymeat.

Buzzcock whipped Kincaid's seat with withering slaps of his loose-wristed fist.

"Oooooh."

Crisp jizzom poured out from Kincaid's cock-reamed bumhole.

Shiny cream foamed from the eyehole of Buzzcock's Cyclopian member.

Another barrage of jizzom hissed through the air.

Splat!

Blipped onto Kincaid's rutsweat-soaked hair.

Jizzom blared from Kincaid's stammering hammer.

Scum dripped from Kincaid's rectum as his own pecker twanged like a plectrum.

He ejected ejaculate in a condensed wad directly at Buzzcock's chest.

Gemlike snaps of scum hung from Buzzcock's tits.

Kincaid suckered his own come from Buzzcock's lively nippletips.

"Hate to bring this up, Kincaid."

"Fuck my butt."

"But I have to ask."

"Fuck my ass fast."

Buzzcock dashed his still-stiff boner against the groaning rotundity of Kincaid's simpering hiney. Buzzcock pressed Kincaid's asscheeks wide with gloved hands.

Ran his cock in expertly.

"Aiii! Aiii! Neigh!"

Asshole anointed with the vestiges of the last dollop of come Buzzcock had slung up Kincaid's bum, Kincaid slipped on easily to the hilt.

Kincaid tilted his body backward.

Head hung toward the floor.

"Gore me more, blowboy. Cocksucker Buzzcock. Run your blade up my asshole to my throat."

"You know the whereabouts of a certain young dude name of DeQuincey?"

"Hung?"

"And bleach-blond."

Could be one of many. Jock?"

"Actor."

"Oh—Colquohoun goes after those types with a randiness that is evidently hard to resist."

"Mind if I have a word with this Colquohoun?"

"I urge you not to bother to be diplomatic when

you question him. That won't work at all. You see: Colquohoun is a bit of a snot. Training to be an Olympian. He's a diver."

• • • • •

Splash of water—howl of surf and suddenly moving breeze teased the trees outside as Buzzcock wiped his lips snidely.

He grinned widely, spotting the nearby watersports training natatorium.

Saw the dude strutting toward the diving board.

Clotted darkness now wreathed the edges of the skies. Flare of lightning visible far out to sea. Rumble of thunder.

Buzzcock lit a faggot and sucked.

Bucked his leatherclad hip forward and chuckled smugly. Tugging at his own heartstrings.

SIX

Beachboy rumphump bodybump in progress down the side of the sloped cliffs, Buzzcock loped toward the large diving pool located in the end of a garden-lined causeway footpath of poured cement studded with transparent colored glass bricks.

Big dick shone like a carved and polished stone curled within the scrotal folds lithely limber lanky lad floated on the still water.

The young man slipped up onto the side of the pool. Ascended the ladder to a raised diving platform. Swung his body easily on the edge.

Flipped his limbs.

Gyroed into the air.

Then the man's wily body warped suddenly in a backward circle, entering the water in a straight-on plunge with his ankles clamped together.

Only a few wavelets went skittering across the large pool's surface.

Buzzcock watched, eyes pierced by the directness of the slanted rays of the sun—a surprise of clear skies as the storm had thrown off a few showers and then moved off hurriedly.

Sunset began as the man submerged himself beneath the swirling drink.

Buzzcock surmised that in the near distance what he was witnessing was part of the training routine of the watersport sprite Colquohoun, the laddy of the lake, in his favored abode.

Beyond, a short sweep of greensward and a deliriously cluttered flower garden—which sent floral musk rampant through surrounding air—set off the pool's pure glare like a liquid gemstone.

Buzzcock squinted.

The pale emerald-tinted facets of the facade of a small greenhouse glinted to the near side of the sundeck where Buzzcock saw stretched the supine nudity of a hunk of hardbodies homo Romeos.

Oiled dudebods shimmered in the scald of the sun.

What was the diamond, and what was the rough? And who, precisely, was this water rat brat bathing in the buff?

Not that Buzzcock lent particularly heavy stock to what had been told him about Colquohoun by Professor Doctor Amator Kincaid—after their strung-out verbal and sensual shadow-box.

Buzzcock had planned to interview Colquohoun next anyway. It impressed him neither way that he found Colquohoun already undressed.

Such was the nature of the place.

The nature of Buzzcock's business.

Not a bad job, examining virile types regarding the whereabouts of missing persons and trying to locate valuable and ancient artificial peckers.

And anyway, Buzzcock liked talking to the lads.

"Excuse me," Buzzcock called, not bothering to avert his eyes.

"Oh. You surprised me."

Colquohoun splashed the water to a froth about his pectoral muscles as he treaded toward the edge of the pool. "Don't you know you're not supposed to sneak up on naked youths like that?"

Colquohoun spumed a spear of water toward Buzzcock through slightly parted lips.

The stream snagged Buzzcock along the leg of his flare-legged pants.

Wet the seam where Buzzcock's ballocks were piled alongside the stirring, coiled-up prick.

Colquohoun stuck out his tongue at Buzzcock.

Buzzcock caught a glance of Colquohoun's well-trained nippletips.

Two panting pups.

Standing up, like a pair of begging mutts.

Buzzcock wanted to suck them.

"I haven't exactly been announced," Buzzcock said with an inclination of his head.

"That's okay," Colquohoun said. "I'm only kidding. Help me out?"

Colquohoun reached up and caught Buzzcock about the forearm.

"Upsy-daisy," Buzzcock said.

"Bullshit."

As he pulled upward, Colquohoun clutched higher on Buzzcock's arm.

Kicked one gam out wide and slid his calf back in at an angle about Buzzcock's ankle.

"The fuck!"

Colquohoun jackknifed backward and to the side.

Buzzcock sprang, plummeted into the water, the giggling Colquohoun splashing furiously.

Colquohoun spat more water at Buzzcock, turned tail and swam away.

Colquohoun's flutter-kick sent foaming water at Buzzcock's face in his pursuit.

"You'll never be able to catch me," Colquohoun

said with a snicker. "Not so long as you've got on those soaking faggy baggy leatherboy duds."

"We'll see who's quicker."

"Or slicker. Come on, don't be an ass-snarfing dweebo. It isn't fair if I'm the only one bare."

"I don't care about fair," Buzzcock said as he closed the gap between them. "Or bare."

"Or that you're a flaming aaaaasssshole! Who can never get a haaaard-on cause he's got no dingdong and eschews the wearing of balls as an unnecessary vulgarism."

Buzzcock grabbed at Colquohoun's ankle.

Snapped out toward his wet tresses.

Snagged a slippery thigh.

Colquohoun glided away with ease.

"Just fuck yourself off if you're gonna be like that, Mister Prickbreath Private Dick." Colquohoun called out gaily. "If you want to talk dirty to me, do it in the nude."

"I'm no body beautiful."

Colquohoun crinkled his nose:

"I don't care how crude you are. I like all kinds of naked. Just take off your clothes."

"Will you let me catch you then?"

"That you'll have to find out."

Some little fox Colquohoun was.

Smooth as quicksand.

Buzzcock tore his jerkin-style leather jacket away. Kicked off his jodhpurs—tossing his boots out onto

the pooldeck and letting his breeches slouch off with the churning ripples of water scattered by the chittering Colquohoun.

Then Buzzcock snaggled off his underpants over his legs.

As Buzzcock peeled off his teeshirt, Colquohoun was on him, wrenching his suntanned arms around Buzzcock's neck.

Colquohoun swam strongly, pulling his grip tight about Buzzcock's head.

Buzzcock's engorging dingdong broke the surface of the water.

Colquohoun tittered when he saw the cockhead bob in the water from side to side.

When they had attained the side of the pool, Buzzcock ducked his head.

Grabbed a handful of Colquohoun's tush and a hank of pubic hair.

Colquohoun dipped beneath him.

Coiled about Buzzcock and took Buzzcock's dick in his face as his legs choked Buzzcock's exaggeratedly stretched neck.

"Ngh."

"Duck yourself, bub."

Buzzcock blew air out from his lungs.

He sank to the bottom of the pool as Colquohoun extricated himself from Buzzcock's flesh and hopped up onto the pooldeck.

"Come on," Colquohoun hollered. "Or have you

already had enough?"

"What game are you playing?"

Buzzcock pressed himself up partway out of the water with both arms.

Colquohoun let a palm drape over Buzzcock's forehead. Pushed down with all his weight.

Buzzcock again sank beneath the surface.

Sputtering, blurting water, Buzzcock clipped both hands about Colquohoun's ankles, but lost the desired angle.

Colquohoun's toes were in Buzzcock's eyes.

Buzzcock bit out.

Colquohoun kicked Buzzcock playfully in the end of the snout.

Buzzcock reached his hand aloft.

"How about you helping me out this time?" he said. "Make any sense?"

"I can handle it," Colquohoun said offhandedly. "But first get your fucking clothes out of my lake. I don't like the way they muck up my practice area. Looks like spoilt seaweed."

Buzzcock paddled about the pool.

Gathered up his discarded clothing and piled it on the side.

Colquohoun's nipple-encrusted chest swayed toward Buzzcock's face as Colquohoun bent ostensibly to help lift Buzzcock from the water.

Colquohoun's fingers squeaked along Buzzcock's skin. Laughing, Colquohoun then released his grip,

and Buzzcock slipped downward.

Buzzcock bobbed back up and rubbed his eyes.

And was thereupon blinded by the liquid slicing inside his eyefolds.

"Na-na-na-na-na."

The guzzling sound echoed in his ears. Fizzling noises drummed against his forehead.

Buzzcock dodged left and right.

"Yikes!"

Colquohoun followed him. Aiming his dick straight into Buzzcock's face.

Pestering Buzzcock's gaze with trickles of tinkle.

Buzzcock pulled a smile.

His own rictus perpendicular to the angle of Colquohoun's dangling twanger.

Buzzcock winked at the wrinkled skein of scrotum appended to Colquohoun's groin.

"Wheee!" Colquohoun chirruped. "Whiz-bang. I got you right in the teeth, you geek."

"They seem to piss a lot around here."

Buzzcock's jaws chattered.

His cock was abruptly hard.

Painfully erect in his own grasp.

As he sizzled in the splash of liquid effervescing from Colquohoun's pizzler.

Buzzcock's tongue slavered around the lips of his own face.

Face to face with Colquohoun's sheared pubis as urine spumed from the heavily lipped prepuce of

Colquohoun's piss-couching cock.

Buzzcock gargled Colquohoun's fresh piss as Buzzcock stretched forth his neck.

Buried his choppers into Colquohoun's pissing prong, spewing and raw.

Buzzcock's dentition tore into Colquohoun's dick like a power chainsaw.

He worked his head from side to side.

Sucking in Colquohoun's penile succulence through Colquohoun's trimmed wet woolly floccu-lence.

Tasting tartness of dick as the last traces of piss raced from the slit at the head of Colquohoun's sizzling stinger.

"So you like water sports," Buzzcock gummed out into grime.

Colquohoun shrugged.

"Stuff comes easy to me," he said flatly. "I enjoy doing what I'm good at. How about you, Mister Public Dick? You like working over slices of fruitcake in the line of business?"

"No. I'm not very good at it."

"Then shut up, you old billygoat and work your chinny-chin-chin on my rimmy-rim-rim."

Buzzcock chucked Colquohoun's thighs apart. Placed his hands athwart Colquohoun's haunch.

Launched tongue forward with liquid alacrity. Lashed snapping asshole with whip action.

"Not bad for a cad," Colquohoun snorted. "Go

ahead. Drive me mad."

Colquohoun chittered giddily as Buzzcock sucked underneath Colquohoun's rump.

Plunked his tongue along the perineum—the seam of slick skin running from Colquohoun's blowhole to the back of his ballsack.

"Eeeeeh. Tickles. The bristles of your beard. Like a boar's. Don't you ever shave?"

Colquohoun raved as Buzzcock played his wet leather-gloved fingers up and down Colquohoun's splayed juddering legs.

"I beg you—suck me."

Buzzcock churned his chin upward.

Nipped into cock.

Slowly, squeeze-sucking rutjuices ravenously from Colquohoun's cock, Buzzcock emerged slinking from the drink.

Colquohoun began to sink to his knees on the surface beside Buzzcock.

Legs glided aside.

Colquohoun stretched back his neck.

Hard mannishboy nipples beckoned Buzzcock's leather fingers to Colquohoun's his chest.

"Neaugh."

Buzzcock found male tit in his grip. Pulled a nippletip toward his yip.

"Omigawd, you're good," Colquohoun said with apparently genuine surprise.

Buzzcock ate at Colquohoun's breastmeat as

though it were a rumsoaked spongecake baba.

Savored savored the taste.

Ground a nipple into his face.

Then trailed his tongue down between Colquohoun's paps. Thundering the tip along Colquohoun's cage of ribs.

"Nnnnngh!"

Nibbling navel.

Scratching Colquohoun's skin with his two-day stubble of beard.

Smearing saliva about Colquohoun's flat tummy.

Sniffing comejuice brimming alive from within Colquohoun's nearby nutcase.

Buzzcock's tongue tapered like a stinger toward Colquohoun's buzzing cock.

Colquohoun flapped his arms like a hovering insect. Several small jets of piss came again from his winsome peckertip.

Dripping micturition from his soaking prick.

"Sssss," he hissed through his teeth. "Oooooh. Love that sound."

Colquohoun's tongue clapped against the top of his pallet. Clacks and sucks echoed through his snout as the snot snorted out.

There was a cringe in his craw.

Drool drooped from his yammering jaw.

Whimpers strained from his gullet.

Smacking sounds emerged from his smirk.

And Buzzcock's maw remained at work.

Buzzcock herky-jerked his head.

Nuzzling wet pubic fuzz in a rush of frenzy.

Nicking cock with his heavy stubble.

Rutsweat slimed from Colquohoun's underarms. His unshaven armpits asked for the fuck as much as did another man's asshole pucker.

"You know," Buzzcock spoke grimly as he took a sip from Colquohoun's sliming assrim. "You are the first stud I've seen today with a monogrammed pip."

"You mean the way my prickhair is clipped? I really like it like that too. I was gonna get a tattoo. On my ass—like other guys do."

"Just the initial? Or Colquohoun all the way?"

"The latter."

"Would be a tight fit."

"Always is."

"That an invitation?"

"No-no-no-no-no. I never assfuck men. Bad for my training regimen."

"But you still go all the way, I take it. Just not that way."

"Depends. I just don't need emotional involvement. I have to save that kind of energy for my athletic training and competition."

"Must be very draining."

"But I can kiss your dick."

"Sure it's okay?"

"Yeah. Bombs away!"

Buzzcock kicked up his hips, balls in hand. Stuck

his jimjam stick between Colquohoun's lips.

"See?" Colquohoun said. "I can give you head. And, like—who needs fucking when sucking feels so good? And fingers you will agree are more nimble than that prick any time."

The penis tooled on down Colquohoun's throat. Ballocks piled over the sides of his chin.

Buzzcock rested his palms on the side of Colquohoun's head.

Fingered Colquohoun's wet tresses as he trussed his pecker within his neck.

Buzzcock caressed Colquohoun's chin with the fingerprints of one hand.

Ran the other beneath Colquohoun's ballocks and bobbled the head of his dick.

"Indeed," Colquohoun breathed.

Colquohoun took hold of Buzzcock's testicles and squeezed.

Yanked downward.

Hard.

"Awk!"

Buzzcock's jimjam jumped in Colquohoun's jaw.

Prick ramming like an animal on the loose.

Buzzcock's mouthrut increased.

Then the thrusting subsided.

Colquohoun held Buzzcock's hawg captive in his maw. Teeth clamped about the base.

Neck muscles strangling the tip.

"Unh."

Colquohoun played his hands along the length of his neck. Jacking the prick inside with wide flails of extended fingernails.

"Where did you learn that?" Buzzcock ranted suddenly. "That's my cocksucking technique."

"Save the philosophy for next week's class with the professor, geek."

Colquohoun's yip squeaked along the beak of Rutledge's pecker.

Face impaled.

Eyes rolling balefully in his skull, Colquohoun gagged out a wad of saliva onto his palm. Jabbed his fist up at Buzzcock's bum.

Twisted a thumb in and up.

Buzzcock shouted out:

"Neeeeeaugh!"

Colquohoun worked his fingers in and out of Buzzcock's ass. Suckered dick with dashes of sharp incisors thrown in.

Buzzcock began to wail.

"Pawpaw pawpaw pawpaw pawpaw ahau maumau. Pah-pah ooohm mau-mau."

Nuts clanked together.

Lather erupted up the wafting scrotum through the twining ejaculatory ducts.

Smutch tore through a sharp turn in the spermatic cords.

Bilge bulged at the base of the engorged penis and barreled down the shaft.

Spermlets raced neck and neck toward the light at the opening of the cockhead.

Colquohoun gave the pullulating penis a jab with his tongue.

His lips milked the charging bull as it horned deeper, goring his gullet.

The first pellet of come crackled against Colquohoun's tonsils.

Dripped slickly to his tum-tum.

The next blast of jizzom was a white-hot splash to the inside of Colquohoun's teeth.

Seed glistened his smile.

Prick pumping all the while.

Colquohoun knew how to chew in style.

On the next hump, Buzzcock shot semen directly into Colquohoun's stomach.

And piles of gnarled goo tumbled from Colquohoun's chin to his chest.

Colquohoun worked the muck into his own breasts. Melting the nuggets of jizzom into his own breastflesh. Shellacking his nippletips with tweaking turns of his fists.

Buzzcock pried himself from his place in front of Colquohoun's face. Peeled his underside from Colquohoun's jawbone maw.

Slid on spread haunches over his sperm-caked cookies to rest his asshole like an octopus's sucker on Colquohoun's bellybutton.

Coming to rest on Colquohoun's waist.

Buzzcock kissed Colquohoun's face.

"Don't do that," Colquohoun said warily. "I'm not quite in the mood."

Colquohoun winked one eye.

"Try this instead."

Colquohoun leaned backward.

Brought his heels up underneath his fanny and turned out his knees.

"You may kiss me here again if you please."

Colquohoun opened his asscrack.

Slinked on his back.

Undulated like a snake.

Buzzcock took the hint.

His eyes glinted.

He licked Colquohoun's asshole in the wake of Colquohoun's giggling wriggling.

Then Colquohoun twinged.

Flung all his limbs in a wide arc. Slid onto his stomach and posed with raised rump.

"Get hold of my hair from back there. But don't tear it with your teeth."

Colquohoun waggled his meat.

Turned his head around and stared at Buzzcock blankly.

Addressed him frankly.

"Know what? I'd like you to suck me off again. And this time don't stop. I want to really come off good and gooey."

"As the lad requests."

"When you're done there, stick your tongue inside my asshole and run it around in circles. Then you can stick your prick there."

"I thought you said you didn't do that buggery stuff. Training and all that."

"I lied," Colquohoun said snidely.

"You lie a lot?"

"Every time I open my mouth—if it serves my purposes, I lie all the time."

"Dream on," Buzzcock said. "I've gotten my fillings all caked with your peckerslime already. I'd like to try a new flavor."

Buzzcock pointed toward Colquohoun's torso with a wiggling finger.

"First, Colquohoun dear, I'm going to fuck on you right there."

"Where?"

With a stifled yelp, Buzzcock jammed his penis up the outside of Colquohoun's ribcage.

The enraged cockhead came to rest in the flap of skin beside Colquohoun's chest.

Prickmeat petted the inside of Colquohoun's armpit. Working in and out as though it were but another orifice of fuck.

"Eeeeeh."

Colquohoun's underarms were charmed by the squiggling prick. He buckled, tickled half to death, twanger tight by his tit.

"Such wit," Colquohoun stammered. "Now

hammer me where it really does some good."

Prick curved outward.

Tight as hardwood.

Buzzcock aimed his spearstick at the yammering target of Colquohoun's ass.

Slid into the crack.

His penis bent.

Snapped out straight.

Glanced off the sides of Colquohoun's nates. Twirled around underneath the asscheeks.

"You'll never get it in that way," Colquohoun crowed. "The chlorine makes my skin go dry."

Buzzcock first wiped his fingers off through Colquohoun's pudhairs.

Sucked them then into his craw.

He daubed the raised rim of Colquohoun's anal donut with the slippery goo.

Then smooched the pink pucker with the flaps of his mouthlips.

His tongue traveled inside Colquohoun's yielding asshide with tapered tip.

Colquohoun wove circles in the air with the torsion of his hips.

Asshole opened like the mouth of a fish.

Rim kissing lips.

Gripping tonguetip.

The musty flavor of Colquohoun's fanny crawled through Buzzcock's gullet.

Rutledge pulled his facecheeks reluctantly from

Buzzcock

between Colquohoun's buttocks. Lanced into his armpit with straight tongue.

Licked out.

As his penis snicked the edge of Colquohoun's dilated bunghole.

"Aaaaanh."

This time the cock squeaked in easily.

Curved up inside Colquohoun's haunch.

Lapping Colquohoun's underarms in doubletime, Buzzcock axed all the way up Colquohoun's buns on the first slide.

Then he drew back.

"No."

Pulled his dong out.

Then nuzzled it back in.

Asshole oinked once.

Cockhead buried to the neck.

"Ahhhh."

Fucking and sucking in counterpoint, Buzzcock anointed the conchlike interior of Colquohoun's earcups with the message of his mission.

"You are familiar, I take it, with the missing queerboy it seems."

"Indeed."

"Any guesses where he might have landed?"

"Didn't know he flew anywhere. Keep that fuck going in my rump."

"You knew where he slept."

"Pump. Yes. Oh, pump."

"Where?"

"Unh. Sometimes with me. Haven't seen him the last couple of days. Except at the auction—you know—you were blowing him and—hawhaw haw!—everybody saw. I knew I wanted to screw you then. Almost attacked you myself, dude."

"You were working for Kincaid today. Who have you worked for before—in proxy capacity."

"I know Rutledge hired you. Of course he told you I used to score for him—until our association got known around town and my cover was blown."

"So DeQuincey is staying here now?"

"Maybe—just haven't seen him. What are you saying? Was he living with Rutledge or something?"

"How did you know DeQuincey was missing?"

"Let's change positions. Oh, gawddamnit. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck my asshole hard. Harder!"

"You know a lot about him. How often were you in his drawers?"

"In—unh—with—unh—him—unh—in—unh—his—unh—pants. Oh, please. Fuck my ass some more. Break my fucking buns. Just fuck-fuck-fuck me."

"Did everybody know where he slept?"

"Just a couple of his friends."

"Real close ones, huh? Like you and Kincaid."

"His boyfriends."

"Any other men?"

"Oh, Jeez-susss! It's so yummy with your dick up

my ass to my tummy. So Kincaid screwed him too? Figures. How the fuck should I know whether DeQuincey told any other dudes about his plans?"

Buzzcock corkscrewed his cock deeper into Colquohoun's easygoing asshole.

Colquohoun tugged at his own tits as he pressed his cold assmeat into Buzzcock's belly.

Colquohoun winced.

Bouncing like jelly.

"Shit," Colquohoun gagged. "I'm dead."

Fission of senses streaked through his head.

He heard colors.

Saw sounds.

Orgasm caressed his brain.

Blowhole babbled in climax.

Buzzcock randied his rectum.

Chattered into Colquohoun's straining face, held next to Buzzcock's own in embrace.

"You ever see DeQuincey wear the gewgaws? Any of that ancient sex stuff they collect around here?"

"Fuck me. Can't I even come around here? Wear them? Only to fuck some."

"What's that?"

"You gotta fuck that ass with that prick! Just let me come, huh?"

"To fuck. I have to think on that a bit. There must be more to it, Colquohoun."

"Oh, fuck. It's over now, you aaaaasshole. My blowhole is all ra-aaa-aaaaaw now."

With a sneer, Colquohoun wrenched his rear end to the side.

Buzzcock's prong squealed from Colquohoun's bung. Colquohoun's bum nipped shut with a smack.

"Your haaaaawg's snout is a dinky one. You're nothing but a pigshit-feeder," Colquohoun snapped. "Hawgfucker—go fuck your piglet brother. You buttered my rump and then wouldn't let me really get over the hump. Go suck a skunk, man."

"Where might DeQuincey's travels next take him? Assuming he's already blown his welcome around this cultural whorehouse here."

"Give me a break. My asshole aches. You got off nicely right down my throat. I have to be satisfied with a few little jolts."

Colquohoun wiped around the rim of his own asshole with a finger.

Sniffed the fingertip in his nostril.

Glared straight into Buzzcock's face.

"Try asking the madlad himself about all this shit," he said. "Isn't that like something you hardguy detective dudes are paid to do?"

"In due time."

"Oh, I see," Colquohoun said, narrowing his eyes. "Like, first you want to have the all the answers yourself. So you can see who is lying when you pretend to try to beat the truth it out of them."

"Not necessarily. I simply think people's rationales for their actions—as well as how they

perceive those of others—are more informative than whether they lie per se. Lying is so much a given that in itself it tells you nothing. People sometimes don't even know they are lying."

"So where are you there?"

"You are primed to find the motive behind the deception—whether the deception is consciously calculated or is self-deception ingrained into their egos as a defense against past deeds."

"Fuckingchrist."

"Care to hazard a guess?"

"So, Mister So Clean He Won't Come Up My Asshole. I see you're a Sherlock Holmes and a Sigmund Freud rolled into one."

"I try to be a bit of a psych-out artist. Part of the package."

"Fuuuu-uck you say!"

Colquohoun drifted his gaze away. Played with his wet headhair as if annoyed with it.

"Toodle-oo," Colquohoun said, leaping to his feet. "Gotta get back to practice now—If I'm gonna be ready to compete on the diving team at the next Olympics."

"That's like water ballet?"

"The shit you say," Colquohoun brayed. "I'm a finely tuned athlete. I'm ordinarily not rude, but if I could fart on cue I'd do it in your face."

"Didn't mean to insult you. I'm just ignorant."

"Your ignorance is an insult."

"And top of the morning to you, too."

Colquohoun turned toward the pool.

He jackknifed at the waist.

Brought his hands together behind his butt.

His asscheeks flared open as he crouched slightly in a diving posture.

Asshole juddered open.

"Toot," he blew through his blowhole.

His hinder flews shuddered.

Anus stuttered.

"Craaa-ack!" Colquohoun hacked out breezily from his rump as he gave it a pump.

"Here's another one, dude," Colquohoun chewed.

"Boop!" his asshole chuckled.

"Talented lad," Buzzcock wheezed.

He saluted Colquohoun with the still-sticky tips of his fingers.

Touched his fingers to his lips. Wiped the inside of his mouth.

Stirred his spittle.

He slurped up a syrup of residue. Sensed the finny aftertaste of Colquohoun's stew.

"Don't forget to take your smelly clothes with you," Colquohoun cackled as he sailed through the air. "Their presence distracts me."

"Say, Colquohoun. Any place near here a fellow can grub up a little chow to eat about now?"

"You're just jacking me off. You know everything

already—don't you?"

Buzzcock bent his ear to the blare of Kincaid's approaching voice and clatter of his stack-heeled pointed-toed boots.

"Buzzcock!" Kincaid coughed out. "The articles—the ones we bought at the auction this morning. They're gone."

Kincaid stood there in a metallic jumpsuit unzipped well past the navel. He quirked his eyes wildly from side to side.

"It's not—it's—" Kincaid gagged on a chestful of cigarette smoke. "If we don't get back that merchandise—this whole place could be blown to eternity in an instant. The investors don't care is innocent. This isn't some insurance stunt."

Kincaid cringed.

"You know," Buzzcock said. "At the risk of being called a wiseguy, Kincaid. Didn't I suggest you hire me and my boys to handle the security for this joint when you were opening it?"

"You're hired as of now," Kincaid lowed.

His eyes glowed.

"Hey, Buzzcock," Colquohoun squawked from the water. "Aren't you going to ask for directions to Brother Ramon's roadhouse?"

Buzzcock laughed out:

"I knew it. You two keep hold of yourselves."

SEVEN

Shiv Buzzcock—private dick.

Sounded slick when you framed it like that.

But it was a lot different if you lived it all day and night and it never stopped like it does when you're just reading a book and close it.

Taking twanger in and out of your yip all day wasn't exactly the easiest way to make a living. Giving head and fucking ass was after its own fashion as passionless a pursuit as answering a thank-

you note bleeped onscreen at the end of a transaction by a robot bank teller.

Buzzcock told himself he was not the type to complain to himself.

Was anything plainer than that?

He must be flipped out of his gourd.

He tried to clear his mind—blank his brain by thinking random thoughts with no hostility as he had heard described on teevee.

But who he was and where he was and what he was doing there always came back to him.

Day one started—Buzzcock had just begun to unkink from being strung out from working as bodyguard security for last night's after-hours shootout at the circle-jerk ranch.

Next up:

The suckjob at the auction—then down to begin the day officially with a bout in his houseboat office.

Boffing a few of his crew as he dictated the outline of his latest story for them.

Then had arrived Rutledge Charrington.

After that ordeal was consummated, Buzzcock was sent off hopping around Kincaid's extremely charitable—no, cultural estate—not to mention haunch. Then there was the watersport raunch with the snot rotter jock Colquohoun.

Buzzcock was only surprised that his mind wasn't even more blown.

This evening had just begun—one or two stars

hung out downside of a rising cheek of moon:

And already Buzzcock was riding through the night like a dizzy knight-errant in the midst of a mazelike course to be covered at full speed or else off with everyone's head—something like that.

Or why not give it another twist? Buzzcock thought:

Buzzcock was on an apparently shapeshifting quest involving a missing bleach-blond beach bum Buzzcock had blown once and who was maybe now on the run for something—or perhaps a kidnap.

As well, there was that swell selection of freaky antique erotic implements to consider. It was more than just background props.

It was now a robbery.

Threats.

Chaos.

Oblivion.

Madness.

Buzzcock now felt refreshed.

His thoughts had taken him over the edge and he was was relaxed as he had ever been.

He snapped a tape into the sound deck and turned the volume up.

Struck up a match and fired a cigarette that glowed like a live wire at the edge of his set of clenched teeth.

Buzzcock gave the buzzing head of his cock a squeeze and then attacked the gearshift, the

Corvette fairly in flight around a high cliff as one last streak of sunlight lining the ocean horizon fizzed off into a turquoise twilight that passed in a flash as the skies then dove to a deep full velvet evening.

It was during times like these that Buzzcock could take a little needed comfort in reflective meditation upon his acquired expertise.

Blade runner.

Tailgunner.

Assfucker.

Cocksucker.

Buzzcock swung his Corvette out over the ridge and the naked city spread its legs out giddily below. All lit up for nightlife.

Farther along the way, Buzzcock could see where the edge of the city's haze was lifting and at a juncture with an unpaved road leading forlornly up into a bleak canyon, Buzzcock saw a long low shadowy structure with no sign outside but with slivers of shifting light ignited within.

A row of bungalow shacks out back tracking up into the foothills.

Buzzcock trimmed the engine.

Car barfed to a halt.

Buzzcock snapped his reflective goggles on over his peepers.

Adjusted the fit of his piss-drenched leather gloves. He listened intently for somewhat less than a second before opening the automobile door.

Got out.

Buzzcock swaggered elegantly down the wooden-slat floor of the roadhouse porch.

Two tattooed mannish torsos glowed over a pair of crossbows lain crosswise across their stiffly codded laps.

One man was busy oiling up a bag of three-inch steel crossbow bolts, which he held up one by one to catch a glimmer of the blowfly-studded but otherwise bare lightbulb hanging half-unstrung underneath the crinkled metal roof of the adobe roadhouse.

The two men nodded toward Buzzcock, picking their teeth with fingernails and spitting out something from the ends of their tongues.

The roadhouse of Brother Ramon looked like Buzzcock's kind of place.

Rutledge's loot and emotional abuse provided Buzzcock an excuse.

And as well there was now Kincaid's financial backing in the undertaking.

But Buzzcock knew that in any event, he was ready to get cracking.

And he had to face this part of it alone.

He placed his leather paws above the twin free-swinging barroom doors.

Looked in.

Saw him.

Went in.

Bellied up to the bar.

"Cerveza."

"Beer," the barman said blearily. "I'm not Mex. We're white here."

"There's a sign there for Mexican beer."

"I'm Spanish. Pure Spanish blood. Not nigger-Mex. Not Yaqui-Mex. Pure Spanish."

Buzzcock noticed in a corner booth a slick-haired Indio dude in beaded vest and loincloth eating a plate of dark beans and dark rice with diced onion and chili peppers scattered over the top. Along with a dish of something that looked like a cross between cornbread sticks and tamales.

"I was kind of hoping to get something to eat."

"Such as?"

Buzzcock said gloatingly:

"I was hoping for something like this: Cheeseburger with lettuce, onion, tomatoes sliced. Fresh. Sesame-seed bun. French fries. Oh—and—uh—onion rings. And pickles. And a chocolate milkshake. Or a Coke float."

"Try our Gila monster tacos. They're famous."

"Cerveza."

"What's your twist?"

"Pure Spanish. Ramon Ramirez, is it?"

"You want beer? Here. It's on the house. Drink up and get out. We need no dicks here."

"Someone I know is looking for a young hung bleach-blond hunk I understand used to work the

bar here for you."

"So many do fit that bill, Buzzcock."

"Surprised you remembered my name, Ramirez. Or shall I call you by Brother Ramon?"

"Please do."

"Ah, yes, Brother Ramon. Another dangerous rendezvous. Moniker DeQuincey dingaling anything?"

"That nancy? Who wants to know?"

"Rutledge—"

"Charrington. Yeah. I know him."

"You supply him with anything?"

"Like what?"

"Oh—nothing personal. Just some antiquities you might have come across."

"I never handled that stuff."

"Say—this joint's supposed to be a swinging place. Where's all the action?"

"You want to take a gander and see if your blowboy DeQuincey is here? Sure. I got nothing to hide. Strictly legit these days, Buzzcock."

"So—shall we?"

"I got to stay out front here. I'm working the bar tonight—believe it or not. Follow the hallway past the pissoirs—there's a whole cavern back there cut into the side of the canyon."

"Sounds dandy."

"We got it all fixed up—separate secret entrances and everything."

Buzzcock downed his brew.

Stood and walked toward the pissoir door.

Turned and instead walked directly down the hallway. He breathed deeply, sensing the fragrances of orchid and musk.

Mouth dry with the thirst for come that burst from the depths of his craw.

He tasted the floating tang of jizzom and rutsweat increasing with every step.

Buzzcock went through the thin rubber door.

Saw him in the raw.

Hunger for the fucksuckrut.

Hair a tousel of glossy tendrils framing feinting eyes.

Nostrils slightly flared between an angular set of lean molded facecheeks.

A tongue that writhed over rubyfruit folds of reticent mouthlips.

Teeth ready to sink into place.

Never could forget that face.

Cock-and-balls done up in rubber and leather.

Hobnailed heels, spurs of steel, and legs that ran from hell to paradise.

"Who's that?" Buzzcock asked the barman, who was dressed like a Hollywood cowboy cavalier wildcat.

"Dude of the place."

"Here tonight?"

"He's not real."

"I know it's a painting up there. I thought it might be a portrait."

"Oh, it is. A picture of a state of mind. Not mine—I just work here."

"Bobcat, aren't you?"

"That's what they call me."

Bobcat hissed.

Twisted.

Brought his face with the almond eyes and feline whiskers close into Buzzcock's.

"Kiss?" Buzzcock said.

"I shouldn't do this," said Bobcat.

Lips so close they could feel the movement of the other's breathing.

Flicker of tongue against teeth.

Maws weaving.

Bobcat moved out of reach.

Assmeat dripping rutsweat like an overripe peach.

With an eye cocked Bobcat swirled and curled his tail end and tongue.

Strummed the knotted lengths of a shiny cat of ninetails attached to a belt.

"Ever been whipped and gored at once?" he asked Buzzcock. Only it wasn't a question.

"Is that a threat?" Buzzcock said.

"Call it a fringe benefit."

Bobcat commenced to flip the tails of the whip.

He licked the leather of the whip as he drew it through his lips.

Began to sway his hips.

Pricktip highlighted over the high tops of Bobcat's cavalier boots.

Bobcat's eyes refocused.

Curled Buzzcock's hair.

Bobcat glared.

Buzzcock stared.

"This one's on the house. I know you. You're Buzzcock. I'm Yancey."

Phony name.

Phony punk.

"I liked the other one. Bobcat. Or maybe Tomcat. Can I call you that?"

"Who gives shit?"

Two-bit blowboy.

Holding a switch.

Emotionless giggles.

Just one hitch.

"How did you know my name?"

"It's part of the game you're playing. What's that saying—?"

"You know I'm looking for DeQuincey. Any chance of coming across a Carthaginian cockring? How about an Alexandrian Egyptian asshole charm? Any lines on a Greek Dionysian dildo might be lying around somewhere behind the bar?"

"You go to far," Yancey replied with haughtily flared moustache flickering over the mincing twisted sides of his kisser.

Yancey then flipped his hinders and wiggled his ears and face whiskers.

He resumed the rounds of customers lining the bar with a professional smile.

Going about business with barely a glance back at Buzzcock.

Part of the act.

Wasn't really like that.

Buzzcock's eyes went again to the painting gracing a place of respect on the wall at one end of the horseshoe-shaped bar.

The grin in the portrait was thin.

The intention of its meaning warped.

Saying little explicitly, allowing the viewer to read in any and all personal fantasies.

"Feed upon me." Mouthlips spoke in a hissing liquid mist. "Kiss my piss."

Voice slinking next Buzzcock's place at the bar.

"Yes?"

"I don't believe we've met," Buzzcock said.

"So. One of those."

"I'm one of those? What are you one of?"

"I don't like those clothes. Some jive beebop hipster routine you're into just to make money?"

"I'm a professional. It's fun." Buzzcock winked. "Buy you a drink?"

"If I can buy you."

"Now there is an offer I can't refuse. What do you like tonight?"

"You choose."

"Any other conditions?"

"None you have to know about."

"Sure."

"Just take your cock out."

"Here?"

"Where else are we? Or are you from another dimension or time warp or galaxy?"

"Sometimes I feel I am."

"I got news for you. It's true. It isn't just you. I'm feel like that too—we all do—what's that funny look?—we do!"

"We?"

"I saw you looking at that."

"The portrait?"

"Yup."

"A painting. A fine work of art. I'm sure it's a portrait of someone—regardless of what anyone around here says—"

"I'm the artist."

"Glad to meet you."

"You an artist?"

"Some might say—"

"You must be quite erudite."

"You must be bullshit."

"Anything wrong with that?"

"I'll tell you where I come from. A funny thing happened to me on the way to the roadhouse. Tonight coming over here I decapitated several

officers of the law with a knife of my very own design which I may show you if you play it straight."

"I'm sure glad we have Mister Hardguy in the flesh here tonight."

"I was forced into acts that others may define as criminal—but I don't think it was a crime at all." Buzzcock shrugged with an open-faced smile piled around wildly parted teeth. "Then one of those ones—the cops mounted on the motorcycles. You know. They wear those copper-toned helmets—they call them copperheads in the underground lingo, you know—one of them chased me—shot at me. So naturally I shot him."

"Oooooh. You're a brute. But cute too."

"One thing I noticed—after I shot the copperhead's helmet off I thought I'd lop off the top of his head—you know, like the crusty heel of slightly stale Italian bread."

"I been there."

"I had this wide stiletto out—a stinger, I call it. Tosses real nice too."

"Should have used a machete—could have popped it like a peeled melon. Is there any kind of fairytale story you won't tell me to get me to go off to fuck and suck with you?"

"Only if you've got a fetish for self-respect. You have any secrets you care to divulge to a stranger you just met at the bar?"

"You know what I said about we two? I meant

that we're alike—I'm an artist—a painter. And I'll bet you're a musician—or writer."

"One guess goes far."

"Want to guess something about me?"

"You're a whore."

As Buzzcock caught the first hint of a glint in the lightly folded fist just below the wrist, the mitt kissed the side of Buzzcock's face.

Sssss-liiiiink!

Eye winked shut.

Chiiiiink!

Butt of a fist glanced sideways from Buzzcock's eyesocket to his nose.

Numbness took hold of his nostrils. Thick fluids blew from his face.

"That hurt," Buzzcock meant to explain seriously, but he knew he sounded delirious.

"Hard? Your cock."

"Not as hard as your fist."

"That was nothing. It was a dead fish. I can really do it. And I can do it like this. Down here. Right where you want it."

"Fuckingchrist."

"Thought you were going to take your cock out."

"Wasn't that just a come-on? Thought you were primarily going for the shock."

"I was. Still am. Serious about it, too. See? You're harder now!"

Hands squeezed below Buzzcock's belt. He felt

fingers jab his jimjam.

Run along the underside in back of the ballocks along the seam in between his cock-and-balls rig and his anus.

"Coming out time, guy."

"Why?"

"You want me to suck it?"

"What kind of place is this?"

"You walked in. I saw you—of your own accord. Looked a little bored but not scared. What kind of place did you think it was?"

"I'm still kind of fuzzy about that."

"You're Buzzcock. I'm the dude they refer to when they say Mad Dude Mattock."

"Say—where have we met?"

"We haven't yet. Not really."

"Another one, mister?" Yancey purred. "And another face full of lips?"

Mad Dude Mattock snorted.

"So, Buzzcock. You've already kissed him. You going to do it again?"

"He seems to be insistent."

Yancey leaned across the bar.

Rump humped up as he stretched himself with feline depravity.

Defying gravity.

Flying into Buzzcock's face.

Without a trace of restraint, Yancey lifted both his legs and whipped them.

Buzzcock slacked his jaw.

Popped open maw.

Tongue lolled out toward the panting pantherlike tomcat in booties with the cute set of cockles and ballocks held high in his haunch.

"Suck me till I come?" Another mewmew that sounded like a question but wasn't asked.

Buzzcock kissed Bobcat Yancey between the thighs. Lapped his tomcatgut.

Snuffed nuts.

Suckered dick.

"You like that?" Buzzcock said with an uncontrolled touch of insouciance.

"Not as much as you like this," Mad Dude Mattock burbled ever so slowly.

Clouted Buzzcock across the teeth with the weakest of fists.

Then tightened his mouthlips.

Split them.

Pressed tongue blew out. Spewed jets of saliva between front teeth like a viper spitting venom. Spittle glazed Buzzcock's face.

"Get the picture, buster?"

Buzzcock wiped his face with the back of his wrist as Yancey sat on top of the bar.

Buzzcock tried to appear bored.

Jaded.

Unfazed as he spoke.

"Is there more?"

Mad Dude Mattock and Bobcat Yancey locked into each other with their eyes.

"Lash his ballocks."

"Uuuuunh."

Mad Dude Mattock spumed forth another wallop of venomous sputum.

Kerplink!

On the perimeter of Buzzcock's anus.

Famous pucker of the underworld.

Entrance to the labyrinth of his insides. The maze that encaged his mind.

"Hey, dudes," Buzzcock said. "I've got a job to do here. Either of you kissed a lad named DeQuincey? Looks lively and lean. Bleach-blond hair. Hunk of pectoral muscles. Stacked deltoids and lats. Apple-shaped ass. Hung like King Kong and coincidentally with the brain of an ape."

Buzzcock kicked his legs up and wide to the side as Mattock and Yancey pressed him between them. Driving his ballocks to jizzom-brewing ferment. Cock to crowing bliss.

"Fuck him with fingers."

Mad Dude Mattock ran saliva in a sleek drizzle.

Squeezed Buzzcock's anus from the outside. Drew claws about the rim.

"Oooooh."

Pinched into his blowhole.

"Whoa!"

Jammed the remaining phalanges up Buzzcock's

ass quickly, expertly.

Blistering fingernails.

Impaling pucker.

Fucking Buzzcock digitally.

"Aiiiii!"

The two roaring rudeboys warped Buzzcock's body to and fro.

Buzzcock gougouhed liquidly:

"My word!"

Buzzcock opened legs wider still.

"Eeeeeh."

Relentlessly flicked the length of his hard-on between leather-gloved fists.

Face twisted and gagging.

Buzzcock ravaged his lips savagely as his tongue lolled out and his maw spouted long lines of saliva that bubbled onto his neck.

"Butter his buttocks."

"Yiiiii!"

"Tie him up and blow him."

Yancey commenced to cut the rest of Buzzcock's clothes off.

"Ninini."

Mad Dude Mattock clamped Buzzcock's nips with rubber-covered clips.

Yanked them up.

"Yipe!"

Down.

"Un-un-unh."

Side to side.

"Yaaaaah."

Mad Dude Mattock tied Buzzcock's ankles underneath his ass, attached to tied wrists at the back of his waist.

Cuddly nuts.

Pudfur blipped out.

Cock rose like a snout.

Gleaming in the opened seam.

Asshole in view.

"Ream me," Yancey said with affected lewdness through screwed lips.

Buzzcock whinnied.

"Neighninigh."

Mad Dude Mattock ran tongue across lips. Lanced out with it.

Touched Buzzcock's burgeoning cockhead.

"Eeeeeigh!"

Oral sphincter rolled around dingdong.

Yancey chugged labile lingam into Buzzcock's teeth. Blowboy sucking Buzzcock.

Buzzcock sucking bobcat bristle.

Jizzom fizzed from the threesome of extended twangers nearly simultaneously.

Come drained down Buzzcock's face, collecting in the ledge of his jaw.

Buzzcock spurted off with leather-gloved hands ramming his hard-on. Delirious languor crept over Buzzcock's senses.

Then suddenly Buzzcock imploded to new frenzy. His prick floated to enormity.

Suddenly there was silence.

Rutledge was there.

Snap of riding crop to the side of buttock. Jackbooted strut.

"You rumpmeats!" Rutledge reeled, assailing the suckerers with wound crop to the point of tears.

"But, Rutledge," Mad Dude Mattock blew through snotting nose. "See? We got him out of his clothes. Tied him for you."

Rutledge glanced from side to side. Smirk widened as he saw the judderation of Buzzcock's tied bag of ballocks.

"Can I fuck Buzzcock in the throat?" Yancey said, almost gloating.

"We cannot," Rutledge said slowly, "debauch the lad too completely. I received a message just now as I arrived. It was rather what I suspected."

Buzzcock's prick was erected.

Mad Dude Mattock gushed:

"From Brother Ramon, I'll bet. He is like that."

"Slaverunner," Yancey sneered. "Cocksucker slaverunner Ramon hisself."

"DeQuincey," Rutledge said with dismay. "Enslaved. There is a ransom to be paid."

Rutledge thumbed Buzzcock's nuts.

"Perhaps," Rutledge said with a twinge of frailty that melted into fiendish resolve, "our handsome

bull Buzzcock will serve as a trade."

"You're saying you sent Buzzcock here?" Yancey leered. "To trade to us for DeQuincey?"

"And the stolen antiquities," Rutledge added

"They're so pretty," Mattock said.

"I don't know if Brother Ramon will accept this Buzzcock," Yancey hushed. "In exchange for DeQuincey. They aren't—like—anything alike."

"Bring him off now," Rutledge barked. "You'll see he has the right stuff."

Buzzcock belched out:

"Gobs of it."

"Wait while I get Ramirez in here," Rutledge said stealthily.

Buzzcock blurted:

"Can't resist."

He took Yancey with his mouth.

Shoved his hinders toward Mad Dude Mattock's hands.

Rutledge turned around.

Bent down slightly and approached Buzzcock, jacking himself off hard.

Rutledge cawed:

"Ca-caw!"

Felt the long gams of Rutledge like a cage about him as Rutledge stood astride the humping tide of flesh and flashed rig.

Buzzcock fucked with his entire body.

Tongue stuffed up Yancey's asshole and eyeballs

scratched by gyrating nates.

Mattock's creaming of Buzzcock's underbelly with crawling claws, gnawing jaws.

Reaming lunges of tongue.

"Aiiiiin!"

Dudes fucking his hiney hide with their cocks. Covering him with fucksweat and rutpiss and yeasty jizzom in and around every orifice.

"I take it this isn't over yet," Buzzcock said.

"Wheel him out," Rutledge shuddered through his snout. "The brat beach bum."

Buzzcock's eyes sliced through the air.

He saw the naked body of DeQuincey partially draped in a chamois cape lifted onto the counter of the bar by a goon squad composed of Yancey, Mattock, Colquohoun, and Kincaid.

DeQuincey's asscheeks were spread and the shiny nib of an enema was whacked in exactly bull's-eye. DeQuincey whined.

"Waaah!"

DeQuincey's thighs were spread wide and his ankles and wrists tied.

DeQuincey said nothing.

Did nothing.

A tide of enema juice was pumped up DeQuincey's rump and Mad Dude Mattock punched a fist into DeQuincey's twitching tummy.

"Oh—please!"

Bobcat Yancey rubbed flame-retardant jell over

DeQuincey's shoulders, limbs, hinders.

Colquohoun dropped a lit match onto DeQuincey.

Kincaid's eyes glinted as he watched DeQuincey's figure burst into flames to the acclaim of the onlookers at Brother Ramon's roadhouse.

"I know that stuff," Buzzcock said gruffly. "You can't fool me. The goo you slopped all over DeQuincey is the same stuff they use in strip routines at the carnival side show—where they have this stuff that burns at low enough temperature so that the skin doesn't even get irritated."

"Shut your fucking trap," Ramon snapped, advancing into the cavernous back room. "We've got something for you to do."

Ramon wrenched one of Buzzcock's leather-gloved hands into a fist. Punched it into DeQuincey's belly.

"Ah ni-ni!"

The enema nib blurted from DeQuincey's blowhole.

"Uuuuurp!"

Shit scattered all around.

"Ble-eee-eeeeeat!"

Chocolatey gases eructed from DeQuincey's asshole as coffee-colored sludge fudged down the backs of his thighs.

DeQuincey then upchucked from his gullet and a spear of puke flew high over his head.

His flamboyant bodyflames burned higher.

"I think he's done to a turn," Kincaid said.

Yancey fucked DeQuincey's ass.

Mattock fucked his head.

Come spurted out from DeQuincey's cock in a rainbow arc.

Colquohoun pissed onto all of them from a spread-legged slouch on the top of the bar.

"Wrong fucking place," Buzzcock hissed to himself. "Must be. None of this mystery is getting solved at all."

EIGHT

Bleach-blond beach bum hung his head over the side of the cot.

His cock stood up straight.

Metal ring tight around the erect prick, clasped at the thickness below the neck.

There was a cool tickle in his asshole.

He wriggled his fannymeat gingerly. He knew the open-centered buttplug was firmly in place.

And there lying close to his face—yes—touching

his lips—was the tip of a pinecone-headed dildo.

He pitched his pelvis to and fro.

"It's hot," he snotted.

"What isn't?" another voice said trancelike.

"Where am I?"

"One of the bungalow shacks out back of Brother Ramon's place."

"And you are who?"

"Buzzcock."

"Oh. I recognize those sunglasses now."

"What's the story?"

"How did I get here?"

"You tell me."

"I felt guilty about blowing Rutledge's chance for buying his beloved dildo at auction. I wanted to make it up to him."

"You know something, DeQuincey. I think we were both set up."

"I don't know what you're talking about anyway. I was originally paid by Kincaid and his crew to get close to Rutledge and to screw up his stance at the auction. So I actually went back on them when I found out how much Rutledge meant to me."

"How much was that?"

"He's rich—however much is that?"

"So who took the merchandise from Kincaid's club?"

"When I saw Mattock and Yancey fucking on the beach—I was with Rutledge watching them from

the terrace, you see. It reminded me—I knew them a little from working the bar at Ramon's. Gave me the idea—thought I might find a way to latch onto some of the stuff I lost for Rutledge."

"Without any outlay of money."

"Correcto."

"Colquohoun was in on it too? I mean the double-cross on Kincaid."

"Mainly to divert you. Didn't know who you were working for—but it sure wasn't me."

"And then—let me guess. You had to steal more to pay Brother Ramon for his suggestions and protection. You came back to hide out with Brother Ramon. He and his minions were by this time already well apprised of the overall state of affairs—and you and your booty were imprisoned pending negotiation."

"Something on that order, I wager."

"They're all asleep—except for the crossbow-toting guards who we can pay off."

"You're serious."

"We can cut across the border and in short order either hop a plane out of Tijuana or drive down the Baja coast and then ferry across and drive to Mexico City. Take off from there for Europe or Tokyo or wherever it is best to ditch this stuff."

"You mean the trinkets."

"They're coming with us."

"Isn't that kind of risky?"

"But of course."

"Fuck my ass first."

Buzzcock smacked his lips thirstily.

Snicked the snapdragon end of his stinger zinging into DeQuincey's singing punk.

"Unh."

DeQuincey plunked his own twanger as Buzzcock ran his pecker in and out of DeQuincey's ass. The dildo struck up inside DeQuincey's mouth and he sucked it.

Layered mucus onto the finely worked tip.

DeQuincey brought his knees squeezed up underneath his chin.

Buzzcock's dork corked deeper within DeQuincey's hinders. Flaring DeQuincey's anus to cinders.

DeQuincey took Buzzcock's twanger all the way in to the root.

Then Buzzcock slid his hips backward, and DeQuincey's blowhole snapped off the head of Buzzcock's prong.

"Na-aaa-aaaaawn!"

DeQuincey shoved his hiney back on.

Buzzcock fucked up DeQuincey's butt with a rut thrust sleazing off sidewise.

DeQuincey crossed his eyes.

Flipped his thighs wider.

Buzzcock brought his cock out of DeQuincey's rump. Brought the head of the dildo down low.

Torqued it about DeQuincey's blowhole.

DeQuincey's pecker shot off strands of nacreous jizzom. The cockring clanked to the floorboards from DeQuincey's fizzling hard-on.

The plug and dildo chugged from DeQuincey's spasming ass.

Buzzcock jabbed his dick back in again.

The dildo rolled across the floor and rested next to a pile of jeweled nippleclips.

Buzzcock stripped the insides of DeQuincey's rumphide as he squinked off a jet of jizzom.

Scum hung from the underside of DeQuincey's hinders. Asshole winked open and shut.

Gluts of come hung and snapped off.

Buzzcock flared his nostrils noisily.

"We two will have to get ourselves going, DeQuincey. If we want to get away."

"We maybe have time for another round?" DeQuincey ground his pelvis. Twitched his hips. Felt the twinge in his prickhead and the gasp in his ass. "Just a little one."

Buzzcock rasped:

"This time you fuck my ass. Fast."

Paperbacks

YOUNG STALLIONS

Trucker Bait	YS-129
Meat Packers	YS-130
Street Gang Virgin	YS-131
Street Punk	YS-132

Union Jack

Full Throttle

Seaman Studs

HARD THROBS

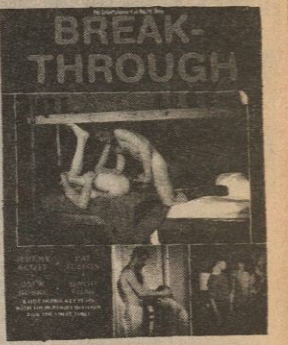
Union Jack	HT-109
Full Throttle	HT-110
Steel Helmet Hunk	HT-111
Seamen Studs	HT-112

$3.95 each
3 for $10
6 for $18

Use Order Form on Last Page

Magazines

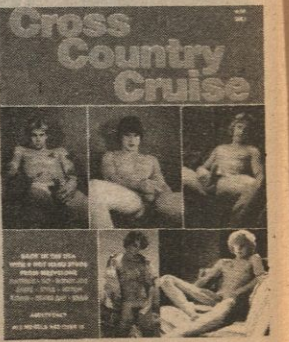
Made to Order $10



Break Through $10

Use Order Form on Last Page

Gay Contacts #10 ..... $10



Cross Country Cruise Vol.1 ..... $8.50

Paperbacks

GAY INCEST

Hooked On Dad	GI-145
Brother Takes Brother	GI-147
Coming Cousins	GI-147
Bootlicker	GI-148

HUNG STUDS

City Action	HD-101
Sure-Fire Shortstops	HD-102
Hector's Ordeal	HD-103
Leather Lust	HD-104

$3.95 each
3 for $10
6 for $18

Use Order Form on Last Page

Paperbacks

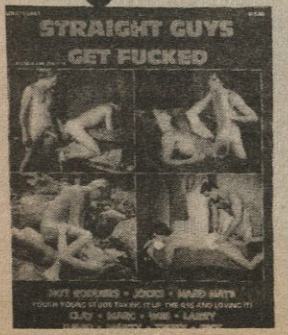
FINLAND BOOKS

$3.95 each
3 for $10
6 for $18

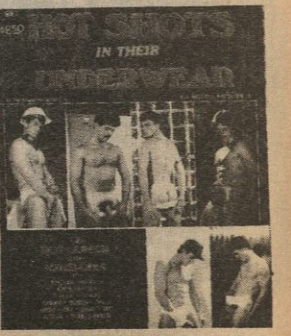
My Master, My Lover FIN-165
Fugative in Leather FIN-166
Macho Lineman FIN-167
Chained Gang FIN168

Magazines

Use Order Form on Last Page



Straight Guys Who Love To Get Fucked $10



Hot Shots In Their Underwear Vol 1 ..... $8.50

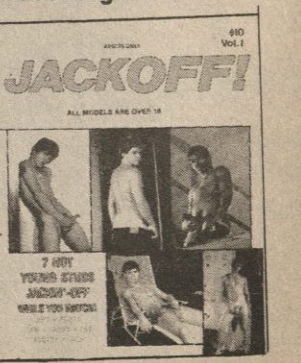
Magazines

Hung Black Vol 1 ..... $10

Gay Contacts #10 ..... $10

Use Order Form on Last Page

Hand Full! Vol 1/1 ..... $10



Jackoff Vol 1 ..... $10

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP .....

COUNTRY .....

I certify that I am 21 years of age and fully understand that the merchandise I am ordering may be considered sexually oriented.

Signature .....

ORDER BY NAME & NUMBER

VHS ☐ BETA ☐

STAR DISTRIBUTORS, LTD.

P.O. BOX 362
CANAL STREET STATION
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10013

FOR OUT OF N.Y. AREA CALL
MON-FRI 9AM-5PM
TOLL FREE 1-800-824-0003

All orders over $25 *free* magazine.

ALLOW 21 DAYS FOR CHECKS TO CLEAR

CANADIAN CUSTOMERS —NO CHECKS. Cash (in American Dollars) or postal money orders only.

☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
☐ Mastercard ☐ VISA

Expiration Date

I enclose $_____ in ☐ cash ☐ check ☐ money order

CHARGE IT! VISA or Mastercard!
Minimum Credit $25.00

FOREIGN & CANADA
2.00 per paperback
3.50 per magazine
6.00 per video & accessories

USA
50¢ per paperback
1.00 per magazine
3.50 per video & accessories

For Sophisticated Sensualists

Add a little kink to your sex life - for variety, for fun, for greater kicks! Begin at the bottom with an Anal Ecstasy Kit. The kit's centerpiece is a heavy-duty, variable speed vibrator with a variety of plastic sleeves and extensions. Included are: prickley knob, prickley sleeve, an 8-inch extension ("Big Bummer"), and a 7-inch extension ("Skinny Finger"). A firm plastic butt plug is also included. Two free batteries complete the kit. Modestly priced at $22.95. Use order form on opposite page.

FLEXIBLE VIBRATOR
$19.95

You supply the time; the Vibrating Masturbator provides the thrills. The penis is inserted into the velvety plastic sleeve. Air is pumped in to make the sleeve expand and grip the penis shaft. Then, turn on the battery-operated vibrator by flipping the red knob at the end of the unit. And buzz off! You'll never feel so much pleasure for so little money. Only $19.95. (Please include $1.50 for postage and handling).

Star Distributors
Box 362, Canal St. Station, NY, NY 10013

PRINTED IN U.S.A.